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ITALY.

THE Government was indebted to Sir GEORGE BOWYER for the opportunity of recalling to general attention, on the eve of the recess, the one popular feeling which it represents in marked contrast with the Opposition. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI have gratuitously advertised their antipathy to the cause of Italian freedom and unity, while Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, and Mr. GLADSTONE have been amply repaid for their comparatively cordial sympathy with the most beneficent revolution of modern times. The whole country, with the exception of the Ultramontane sect, and a part of the aristocracy, is unanimous in its wish for the prosperity and greatness of the Italian Kingdom; but the practical termination of the controversy has gone far to put an end to the political profits which resulted from the advocacy of right and justice. Italy helped the Cabinet through the difficulties of the Paper duty. If the Budget of the present year had been in danger of sinking, some new contrivance would have been required to float it; and it was, therefore, highly convenient that Mr. LAYARD and Mr. GLADSTONE should be invited to deliver exhaustive arguments in favour of the new Italian Kingdom. Lord PALMERSTON's protest against the French occupation of Rome was not less expressive of English feeling, and the effect which it has produced abroad seems to vindicate its diplomatic expediency. With perfect good faith and inimitable simplicity, Sir GEORGE BOWYER played, like a conjuror's accomplice, into the hands of his enemies. His complaint that the Royal troops sometimes refused quarter to brigands, provoked Mr. LAYARD's statement that the victims were habitually guilty of robbery, of torture, and of murder. The strange allegation that Italy was subject to the tyranny of a petty and alien tribe amounted, as Mr. GLADSTONE observed, to an admission that the dominant race must possess the imperial qualities of conquerors and natural rulers. In the habitual affectation of designating the Italians as Piedmontese, Sir GEORGE BOWYER and Lord NORMANBY offer an affront to their own country, rather than to the population which they desire to insult. If the Crown of England possesses any prerogative, it might have been thought that the QUEEN has an undisputed right to make her recognition of a foreign Sovereign binding on her own subjects; yet a constitutional lawyer and an ex-ambassador, in their enthusiastic attachment to foreign Royalty, have no hesitation in preferring their own reactionary crotchets to the clear precepts of public and municipal law.

There are gradations even in nonsense. Sir G. BOWYER's motives or doctrines are more respectable than Lord NORMANBY's, inasmuch as fanaticism is better than tuft-hunting. Idol for idol, it is better to worship a chimerical Pope than a commonplace cadet of BOURBON, of LORRAINE, or of ESTE. The divine origin of the Temporal Power is, at all events, more mystical in its absurdity than the indefeasible right of dependent despots to subdivide Italy into wards of a jail. When Lord NORMANBY dilates on the clemency and generosity of the Duke of MODENA, the irrelevant tendency of his eulogies is more irritating than their questionable accuracy; for, if dukes were angels, their virtues supply no reason for splitting up a great country into petty principalities. It is only a secondary objection that, with the exception of Naples and Parma, none of the reigning Houses of Italy were more deeply stained with guilt than the ducal family of Modena. The imprescriptible claims of the crowned lieutenants of Austria are not, perhaps, more repugnant to reason than the still more exalted pretensions of the Viceroy of Heaven; but in condemning Italy to perpetual servitude for the benefit of the Holy See, Sir G. BOWYER maintains a theory which has a few

supporters in England, as well as numerous adherents among the Irish populace and the French aristocracy. Italy is not unnaturally exempt from a delusion which she is compelled to test by practical experience. Perhaps it would have suited Sir G. BOWYER's purpose better to have confined his arguments to the defence of the Papal sovereignty. There are understandings capable of believing, or of pretending to believe, that the Patrimony of St. Peter is sacred; but it requires a stronger exertion of credulity to acquiesce in the inference that the horrible tyranny of the Neapolitan BOURBONS also enjoys a celestial guarantee. In professing to defend merely human dynasties, Sir G. BOWYER is even weaker than his coadjutor in the House of Lords. Lord NORMANBY would cling to a Grand Duke, even if he were a Protestant, while Sir G. BOWYER regards the orthodoxy of the fallen despots with a reverence which would certainly have been withheld from heretic legitimacy. A political discussion is, however, always unfair when one of the disputants really relies on spiritual or sectarian grounds. It is not the business of the House of Commons to supervise Italian administration, but it is at least possible to compare the present state of the kingdom with the condition of its provinces before they were reunited; and nothing can be gained by discussing the comparative merits of soldiers and brigands with a partisan who is all the time thinking, not of secular warfare, but of sacerdotal supremacy. The debate will, perhaps, produce a favourable impression in Italy, for the Ministerial speakers judiciously abstained from the offensive tone of patronage, and the utter insignificance of the anti-Italian party was unmistakably displayed. Mr. DISRAELI prudently left the champion of the Holy See to defend alone the cause of tyranny and injustice.

In default of any special and unexpected occasion, it is not desirable that the discussion should be renewed. Italians are naturally jealous of foreign criticism, and the position of England towards their country is in some respects peculiar. The Emperor NAPOLEON has not succeeded by his later vacillations in effacing the gratitude which he inspired by his armed interference in 1859. Even Savoy and Nice are not considered an undue payment for his services, or rather it is hoped that he will complete, without further compensation, the work which he has commenced, by surrendering Rome, and perhaps by assisting in the conquest of Venice. As one of the French Ministers, with a delicate courtesy, remarked in one of the recent debates on the Address, England has contributed neither men nor money to the independence of Italy, nor indeed are English Governments in the habit of going to war with ancient allies without provocation or pretext. A few Italians may appreciate steady good-will, the early recognition of national unity, and the refusal of the Government to cooperate with France in stopping the expedition of GARIBALDI; but the great majority of Italian politicians still prefer to rely on French support, and it would be ridiculous to enter into a jealous competition for their sympathy and confidence. If the independence of Italy is, by any means, finally and permanently established, no petty susceptibility will interfere with the hearty good-will of intelligent Englishmen. In the meantime, the progress of events is regarded with an interest which partakes of historical calmness and impartiality.

Mr. STANSFELD, who took a part in the recent debate, represents an opinion which has few supporters in England. In various speeches and pamphlets he claims for MAZZINI and the Republican party the credit which is commonly assigned to the moderate Royalists, and especially to CAVOUR. It may be admitted that the first proclamation of Italian unity was not made by the party which has done most for its accomplishment. CAVOUR himself only contemplated as the result of the war of 1859 the constitution of a

North Italian Kingdom, and he was even willing to tolerate a French principality in Tuscany, as well as the maintenance of the BOURBON dynasty in Naples. His aspirations have been transcended by the result, but at the time they may well have been thought extravagant. MAZZINI first preached the unity of the nation, but he crippled the efforts of Piedmont in 1848 by requiring as the condition of his support a declaration of war against all the Italian Princes. By acceding to his terms, CHARLES ALBERT would have converted 100,000 Neapolitan troops from doubtful allies into open enemies. After Novara, the first efforts of MAZZINI's faction were directed, not against Austria or Naples, but against the Piedmontese Royalty which then formed the only hope of Italy. On the other hand, he may claim some merit for his share in GARIBALDI's expedition, as well as for the earlier defence of Rome against the French invaders. He is fortunate in his chief English adherent, for Mr. STANSFELD is the most rising speaker in the House of Commons; and although, in domestic politics, he is at present a follower of Mr. BRIGHT, he cultivates a generous interest in foreign affairs, instead of adopting the ungenerous deference to utilitarian despotism which is ordinarily characteristic of modern Radicalism. Hereafter he may perhaps learn that extreme democracy is utterly irreconcilable with freedom.

THE CAPUT MORTUUM OF THE REVISED CODE.

IT is to be presumed that the third edition of Mr. LOWE's once formidable proposal, which was issued on the morning after the adjournment, is, in the judgment of the practical men of the Cabinet, a safe and harmless compromise, which will at once save the honour of their colleague and avert from themselves the danger of a damaging division. Repeated redistillation over the fire of a fierce opposition has undoubtedly reduced the corrosive poison of the original project to the condition of a mild and gentle irritant. At first sight, the principal impression left by the new propositions is a feeling of wonder that concessions so large should have been wrung from Mr. LOWE even by the threatening importunity of a frightened and angry Cabinet. In regard to a third of the grant, the test by results is abandoned altogether. It is given absolutely in proportion to the average attendance of children at each school. The other two-thirds are granted on condition of the children successfully passing an examination before the inspector. But the principle of grouping by age is abandoned, and in its stead is substituted the principle of grouping by classes. In other words, the managers of each school may elect, out of six several standards of examination, by which of them each of their children shall be tried. The sharp-witted lads will be put into the first class, and will undergo the hardest trial; the dunces will be put into the last class, and will undergo the easiest trial. A few may be too backward even for the easiest trial; but, with these exceptions, the managers, by a careful distribution of their scholars, will have a moral certainty of earning the grant for all the children whom they can bring up to the examination. The only check is, that no child is to appear for two successive years in the same class of the same school. He must have risen a step in the course of the year, or his capitation grant will not be paid. If the inspectors do not make the examinations unreasonably hard, this does not appear to be a very formidable condition. In the case of an incorrigible dunce, who cannot achieve the yearly step from class to class, it will always be easy, if there be another school in the neighbourhood, to send him there to begin again at the lowest class; or, if that resource be unavailable, to surrender him at once to the bucolic employments for which nature has evidently designed him. In any case, unless the inspectors show more solicitude to carry out Mr. LOWE's intentions than the recent passage of arms between them entitles us to expect, the loss of grant upon the examinations does not seem likely to be large.

Mr. LOWE has fought upon the time-honoured principle of all able strategists under defeat. He is doing his best to take his enemies one by one. He offers terms first to one of his opponents and then to another, in the hope that one or other may be persuaded to yield to him the possession of the vantage-ground from which both will be at his mercy. At first, the active agitation of the Training Colleges and the certificated masters led him to believe that they were his most formidable enemies. Accordingly, he bought them off for the time by giving a sort of security to the existing masters, and deferring the case of the Training Colleges to a more convenient season. Further experience has convinced him that his danger lies in an opposite direc-

tion. It is to the managers—to their indignation at his breach of faith, and their terror at the prospect of ruin to their schools—that a great portion of the opposition before which he has succumbed is due. Accordingly, in this thrice Revised Code, terms are offered to the managers. Whether the managers will accept them remains to be seen. Their decision will depend upon calculations of which it is premature to forecast the result. But whether they are satisfied or not, he has still another class of objectors to encounter. The general community, who have spent their money largely in planting and nurturing the system which Mr. LOWE has undertaken to trim into a philosophic shape, may reasonably inquire what the probable results of this new-fangled scientific gardening may be. It is quite possible that the masters may be bought off, and that the managers may feel that their own special grievances have been redressed, or at least mitigated, and yet that the friends of education, who do not approach the question in either capacity, may see cause for grave misgiving.

The probability is, that the thrice Revised Code, like most systems which have been materially modified by their antagonists, possesses none of the virtues of either of the conflicting schemes of whose artificial combination it is the progeny. The original project at least deserved the praise that was given to it of being a "drastic stimulus." The redistilled project contains no stimulus at all. The examination will scarcely be more fruitful in its results than the examination which, according to the letter of the existing Minutes, the inspectors are now bound to institute. On the other hand, the peculiar advantages of the existing system are lost. The pupil-teacher is to be degraded into a mere monitor. Instead of an apprentice bound to the craft of teaching, he is to be a mere help hired by the job. All the peculiar advantages of the discipline which the pupil-teacher system has introduced, and which exerts so wide a moral influence, will be at an end. With the fall of the pupil-teacher the system of certificated masters must fall too. With the supply of pupil-teachers cut off, the Training Colleges must speedily languish; and as their efficiency declines, the value of a certificated master's education will disappear. These are results to which the friends of education can only be reconciled by some ample countervailing gain. The new proposals contain no promise of any such indemnification. The great blot of the present system will still be the great blot of the new one. There is no machinery for reaching the poor and neglected districts. The principle of giving to those who have, and refusing to those who have not, will still be the informing principle of the Revised Code, as it is of that which it displaces. The rich parishes will still be gorged with State aid, as they are now, and the poor parishes will still starve for lack of it. There is only one point of contrast between the Revised and the old Code, to which Mr. LOWE has clung with desperate fidelity in every offer of capitulation that he has made. The simplification of the departmental arrangements is retained. This will be the great result for which every school-manager in England has been irritated and frightened, the confidence of every contributor shaken, and the whole of the machinery by which teachers are trained thrown out of gear. The sweeping educational revolution that was proposed last July appears to have been undertaken solely for this end—that the department over which Mr. LOWE and Mr. LINGEN preside may have fewer letters to write, fewer parsons to talk to, and less appalling sums of compound division to wade through. If this object be effected, they care little what else may happen. "Take," they say, "your grants which way you please; pitch 'the test by results into the fire; let the pupil-teacher 'system go by the board; only, for Heaven's sake, no more 'interviews or letters!'" It is a pity, for the sake of easy-going officials in general, that the example of the Education Office has not been followed in other branches of the public service. With what bitter envy the toiling chief-clerks of the Admiralty or the War Office must look at their fortunate brothers in Downing-street! They know that there is very little chance of Lord CLARENCE PAGET suppressing the Dockyards, as Mr. LOWE attempted to extinguish the Training Colleges, for the sake of abridging correspondence; and that it will be a long time before Lord DE GREY treats the Volunteers as Mr. LOWE tried to treat the managers, for the sake of abating the plague of interviews. How they must hope that, in one of those periodical shuffles to which Ministers in these days are liable, Mr. LOWE may bring his luxurious and epicurean notions of doing business to offices which call far more earnestly for his succour! The great

emancipator of overdriven officials wastes his energies upon the mitigated serfdom of Downing Street, when the down-trodden negro of Pall-Mall is crying aloud to him for help. At all events, it is satisfactory to find that the VICE-PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL has found something to do. Some years ago, when the office was first instituted, great doubts were expressed whether it would be possible to discover any occupation for the new Minister. No one urged these doubts more vehemently than Mr. GLADSTONE, for it was a period when Mr. GLADSTONE was in Opposition. The problem has, however, now been solved. He has found an occupation for himself, and spends his time, as a good man should, in trying to impart to others the blessings which fortune has bestowed upon him. He knows by experience the advantages of an office in which there is nothing to do; and he nobly devotes himself to the task of extending the dignified leisure which he is himself privileged to enjoy. The only thing left to desire is, that he should be enabled, by the liberality of Parliament, to carry out this philanthropic aim without ruining the Education of the country.

AMERICA.

IN prohibiting the unauthorized transmission of military news, the Federal Government may perhaps have consulted the public interest, but it can scarcely calculate on the gratitude of New York journalists. The pleasure of reporting daily triumphs is damped by the suspicion which attaches to professedly one-sided information. At present, popular credulity inclines almost as much to vague alarm as to premature jubulations. The *Merrimac*, with two or three iron-cased consorts, is always on the point of issuing from Norfolk; several days have recently elapsed without a statement that Island No. 10 had been taken; and rumours of a Confederate victory in Virginia were not positively disbelieved. New Orleans, having been two or three times taken by newspaper correspondents, was once more regarded as impregnable, and the *Nashville*, which had been successively burnt by the crew and captured by the Federalists, is finally reported as safe at sea, or sheltered in some port which has hitherto not been assailed. Secrecy is too incompatible with American habits to be long or effectually preserved; but, for the present, the Government orders have to a considerable extent baffled domestic and foreign curiosity. The proceedings of Congress furnish but an unsatisfactory substitute for the exciting records of the campaign. The Senate and the House debate day after day the details of the Tax Bill, the PRESIDENT'S Message on voluntary emancipation, and the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia; but none of these subjects appears to command any general attention. The members from the Border States deprecate any interference with slavery, or sometimes ironically propose that the negroes who are to be liberated shall be deported into the Abolitionist North. New England and Pennsylvania are more seriously interested in the excise duties which are, according to the original scheme, to be imposed on their manufactures. It is a common argument against any obnoxious item in the new system of taxation, that it tends to damp the ardour of the people in the just and holy cause of the Union. There is no doubt that taxation is a heavy damper to warlike enthusiasm, and if the proposed revenue is ever levied, the unanimity which has hitherto been professed may be materially disturbed. In the mean time, no American politician appears seriously to consider the astounding condition of the national finances. It is impossible to ascertain the actual rate of public expenditure, but it is constantly estimated in debates at three-quarters of a million sterling daily. The SECRETARY of the NAVY lately asked for 6,000,000*l.* to be spent on iron-clad steamers, and the Committee on Naval Affairs was considered to have displayed excessive parsimony in conceding one half of the demand.

It is the fashion in the North at present to exaggerate the numbers of the enemy. President DAVIS is supposed to command 150,000 men in Virginia, while General BEAUREGARD's army in Alabama and Tennessee is estimated at nearly 200,000. If half the number can really be brought into the field, the Northern invasion will not make rapid progress. The Southern States are not calculated, like Flanders and North Germany, for the conflict of the vast armies which have contended in European campaigns; and 20,000 men, well armed and in a good position, ought to be more than a match for any Federal force which is likely to move in a single body. The Southern troops may perhaps gradually acquire that tenacity which they have by no means dis-

played at Winchester or Fort Donnellson. The value of even a few days' resistance will be illustrated by the effect of the stand at No. 10, and possibly by the siege of Fort Macon. The whole Western army has paused in its advance to wait for the success of the Mississippi flotilla, and, in the mean time, BEAUREGARD has chosen his position and given his orders to the commanders of divisions. On the Western coast, General BURNSIDE has been obliged to suspend his movements inland, and perhaps M'CLELLAN himself may be waiting with the main army for the capture of the fortress. The actual intentions of the Federal COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF can, however, only be learned from the event; for a year's experience of war has, in addition to many other lessons, taught the Government of Washington the expediency of keeping official secrets. M'CLELLAN himself lately announced that his movements were to be puzzling and paradoxical, and he may now redeem his pledge by adopting the course which was a short time since universally anticipated. It is only certain that he will attempt to strike a decisive blow before the setting in of the hot season. He has already lost his title of the Young NAPOLEON, and another three months of inactivity would produce an irresistible demand for his removal. Whatever may be the dangers or difficulties of an advance, it cannot be the interest of the Federal Government to leave the main army of the East without active employment.

While American generals are learning the art of war, politicians may perhaps be gradually awaking to the belief that a certain amount of wisdom and honesty is required for the government of great communities. The United States can scarcely be said to have had a history until the beginning of the civil war. Their heroic age witnessed the efforts of several able men who had been produced under the colonial system. Independence was followed by steady degeneracy, not in the people at large, but in rulers who devoted their energies to the attainment of a nominal power, although, even in office, they exercised little influence over legislative or administrative measures. A sparse population, realizing great profits from agriculture and trade, took care of itself, and treated politics as a mere amusement. Mr. BRIGHT may not be altogether mistaken in his belief that a large amount of average happiness has been enjoyed under Federal institutions. Plenty to do, plenty to eat, and unqualified self-satisfaction, go far to neutralize the evils which oppress older and more highly organized communities. A beneficent despot, if such a being had been possible in America, would, like successive Presidents and Congresses, have let well alone. Possibly, he might have fallen into the error of engaging in foreign war and diplomacy from mere weariness of the prosaic prosperity which resulted from the national worship of dollars. The Republic had the merit of generally keeping the peace, although no Government ever indulged in more wanton and deliberate rudeness. The chief advantage of the system consisted in its negative character, which left the popular energies unimpaired. When a great crisis arrived, the Government and the nation were guilty of innumerable follies, but the vigour and resolution displayed in the armaments redeemed many weaknesses and blunders. The laws of financial nature are still a mystery to all Americans, but the difficulties of war are tolerably well understood, and thoughtful minds are already beginning to dwell on the embarrassments which will follow the conclusion of peace.

In the South, where there was some distinction of ranks, and a less universal prosperity, there seems to have been more statesmanship and general ability; but there are no means of knowing whether the Government has been supported with equal unanimity. In former times, the slave-owners were as windy in their language, and as reckless in their policy, as their republican colleagues in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. It is possible, however, that they may have despised the vulgar prejudices which they flattered, and since the Secession their few State papers have been calm, dignified, and judicious. At the beginning of the quarrel, they were probably deceived by their own uncontradicted boasts, and they may seriously have believed themselves a warlike aristocracy destined to hold in subjection a cowardly race of Northern farmers and traders. They have now had the sagacity to understand that they are engaged in a fearful struggle, and yet they have shown no disposition to draw back or to waver. It is not for foreigners to wish for any special termination of the quarrel, or to deprecate the restoration of the Union, if it proves to be practicable. The opposite solution of the problem would assuredly be attended

by some compensating advantages. The nations of the old world can scarcely know how much their civilization owes to the involuntary education which they have received from rival or hostile neighbours. Two adjacent Republics of English blood would reciprocally act on one another for good, when they had ceased to be connected by mutual hostility. For communities, as well as for individuals, the frequent and unavoidable society of equals is the best corrective of the eccentricities which develop themselves in domestic seclusion.

SHIPS AND ARTILLERY.

THE result of all the trials and experiments of the last few weeks as to the relative power of artillery and armour, ought to teach eager advocates on both sides of the controversy to beware of too hasty a generalization from incomplete data. Scientifically considered, the competition between guns and armour has left the relative position of the arts of attack and defence very nearly where it was before the *Warrior* was constructed. The *Warrior* target is by far the best sample of defensive plating which has yet been produced, and the new Armstrong gun surpasses, in about an equal degree, the most powerful ordnance which had been previously tried. The gun has so far gained the day that it can, at short ranges, penetrate the stoutest cuirass which has ever been put upon a ship, just as the Whitworth guns, and former specimens of Sir W. ARMSTRONG's manufacture, succeeded in piercing the less effective plates which were tested last year upon the *Trusty*. The latest experiments which have been tried at Shoeburyness go, indeed, further still; for it has been found possible, by increasing the charge of powder to 59 lbs., to penetrate a target of three five-inch plates bolted together, and making a mass of wrought iron fifteen inches thick. Thus the old conclusion, that no armour is absolutely impenetrable, which for the moment seemed to have been negated by the engagement in Hampton Roads, is once more re-established, but it is still an open question, as it was before, whether the best gun that can be constructed will pierce the best possible iron sheathing at any considerable range. It is as yet true, as it was a year ago, that iron-cased ships are proof against shells, and it is only by forecasting the probable improvements of armour and cannon that any conjecture can be formed as to the degree of invulnerability which plated ships may ultimately be found to possess. Fortunately, the practical question, what ought to be done at the present juncture, is not altogether dependent on a settlement of the engineering contest. It is almost certain that the race between guns and ships will not be finally won until after considerable progress shall have been made, on both sides, beyond the point to which invention and mechanical skill have already carried us; and it is obvious that the only sane course for a country like England is to be prepared for either issue, by bringing to the highest possible perfection both the weapons of attack and the means of defence. We have seen the experience of one week almost reverse the conclusions of the week before; but though this may teach us caution in prediction, the additions which have been made to our experience afford solid ground for a reasonable estimate of what is already done, and, perhaps, even for a reasonable conjecture as to what may be done hereafter.

Let us consider, first, the progress, actual and possible, in the manufacture of artillery. In the first place, the recent experiments with different kinds of guns have finally determined the relative merits of smooth bore and rifled guns, and have settled the measure of the penetrating power of cannon by a very simple rule. Practice has, in this matter, exactly confirmed the old conclusions of theory. The measure of the power of a gun is different according to the purpose for which the shot is fired. If it is intended to shatter or overthrow an obstacle, the effect of a shot ought to vary—and, we believe, is found in practice to vary—with the momentum. That is to say, it is doubled if you double the weight, and also doubled if you double the velocity of impact. For such a purpose, it is, therefore, immaterial whether the weight or the velocity of the projectile is increased. But if the object is to punch a hole through a resisting plate, the measure of the effective force is, by theory, not the momentum, but what mathematicians call the *vis viva* of the ball, which varies directly as the weight, but in the duplicate ratio of the velocity. Hence, if the weight of the ball is doubled, the penetrating power is only doubled, while, if you double the velocity,

you actually quadruple the penetrating force. Experiment has exactly confirmed this, as Sir W. ARMSTRONG explained in his recent letter, and has at the same time furnished the requisite data for estimating exactly the relative value of smooth bores and rifled ordnance.

The practical result is, that with guns of equal bore, the rifle projectile, in the most approved form, weighs about twice as much as the spherical shot; but, with equal charges of powder, the initial velocity is so much reduced by the spin given to the ball and by the friction of the grooves, that the penetrating power close to the cannon's mouth is almost exactly equal in the two cases. At any greater distance, the rifle has the advantage, because its elongated bolt loses velocity much less rapidly than the round shot. It may, therefore, be assumed that nothing is either gained or lost by rifling a gun for short-range practice (except that its power of resisting a given charge of powder is somewhat diminished), and that for long distances the advantage is very greatly in favour of the rifled gun. Further than this, it is also ascertained that the weight of powder is a tolerably good measure of penetrating power at point-blank distances. These conclusions are not likely to be materially modified by any alterations in the construction of cannon, and they point clearly to the use of rifled guns with a capacity for discharging effectively the largest practicable amount of powder.

The problem on which our artillerymen are engaged is, therefore, reduced to a very simple form. Two limits are imposed on the weight of the charge—one, the strength of the gun—the other, its capacity for burning the required charge before the ball has left the muzzle. While guns were cast or forged in one piece, the difficulty of increasing their size beyond certain limits was enormous, because very large masses of iron could scarcely be manufactured without a flaw. But in Sir W. ARMSTRONG's method of building up his guns, there seems scarcely any limit to the size which may ultimately be attained, and, without being over sanguine, we may calculate upon seeing guns made strong enough to bear any charge of powder which can be effectively exploded within them. The other condition, which requires that the powder should be fully ignited before the ball leaves the muzzle, brings one back nearly to the same point. Quicker burning powder may be used, but that again tries strength severely. More time may be gained by increasing the length of the gun, but that, besides adding to the friction, increases the weight of the piece; and, from whatever side we approach the question, the difficulty comes to be to produce heavier and stronger guns than any that have yet been constructed. No one will say that the limit in this respect has been reached, and, as we have seen, it has already been experimentally demonstrated that even the torn fragment of the *Warrior* plate does not represent the utmost effect of which artillery is capable.

But there is very much the same thing to be said on the other side. For a long time, the best plates which were manufactured yielded to a 68-pounder at 400 yards. Then came a plate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron, with a strong teak backing, which has been penetrated by nothing except a ball of 150 lbs. weight at a range of 200 yards. It may be inferred from what has already been said, that the same gun, when rifled for a 300 lb. shot, will produce about the same effect at the same range. Whether, either as a smooth bore or even as a rifle, it will pierce a similar plate at 500 or 1000 yards, is still undecided; and the still larger gun which Sir W. ARMSTRONG promises will probably be needed for this purpose. The ships, therefore, are not wholly at the mercy of the guns, though, as at present constructed, they may perhaps soon become so. But then it is not certain that we have reached the limit of defensive armour—or rather, the contrary is certain. The thickness of iron which a ship can carry depends, *ceteris paribus*, upon her size; and with the example of the *Great Eastern* to warn us, it seems just as idle to assign a limit to the possible tonnage of ships as to the possible calibre and weight of artillery. The cost and the inconvenience both of great guns and great ships may at last impose a limit which mechanical science, if unfettered, could surpass, and this consideration may perhaps be thought to turn the balance in favour of artillery. A monster gun is not so very inconvenient on a fixed fort; but a ship which can only navigate deep seas, and can find no harbour or dock in the world which she can enter, would lose much of her power as an engine of war. Still, the mechanical state of the problem is merely this—that increased size may give the final victory either to the attack or the defence, and that any policy based on a one-sided view of the possibilities of the future would be full of peril.

There is no course open but to improve both our guns and our ships as fast as possible, and to guard against such hasty conclusions as that which was almost adopted but two or three weeks ago for the definitive abandonment of the Portsmouth fortifications. It is quite possible that a system of forts may be found, when armed with guns of sufficient calibre, among the most efficient elements of harbour defence, though they would probably fail altogether to bar the passage of an enemy without the aid of that flotilla of iron-cased vessels which, it may be hoped, we shall soon possess.

PRUSSIA

THE King of PRUSSIA, like almost all Continental Sovereigns, considers that every power acquired by a Parliament is lost to the Crown. In a certain sense, it is true that a King cannot at the same time have his own way and allow his policy to be determined by the representatives of the people; but the function of guiding and carrying into effect the national will is perhaps not less dignified and enviable than the exercise of uncontrolled caprice. The Prussian Chambers have thus far shown no disposition to encroach on the prerogative; and, on the other hand, even reactionary Ministers have scarcely ventured to deny that the control of the finances properly belongs to the Deputies. The KING, however, unwisely treats the opponents of his Government as enemies of his dynasty, and, in dictating to the constituencies their impending choice, he violates even his own theory of a representative system. Even where Parliamentary institutions are not deeply rooted in the habits of a nation, it is generally assumed that Assemblies express the feelings of the electors, and that their wishes are consequently entitled to consideration, though they are liable to be overruled by the necessities of public policy. Yet the agents of the Crown in Prussia have lately been attempting to inspire beforehand the supposed organs of popular opinion, and the voters are told that they must support certain principles; so that the Government undertakes to provide the information on which it is afterwards to rely. A commanding officer actually called on his regiment of militia to defend the KING at the voting-booth from more dangerous enemies than those whom it might be the duty of the soldiers to encounter in the field. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR warned the innumerable officials that they would be required to support the Government; and the MINISTER of INSTRUCTION imprudently attempted a similar interference with the authorities of the Universities. Professors are powerful and formidable in Northern Germany, and the University of Berlin has positively refused to comply with the Ministerial orders. It is not likely that police and revenue officers will be able to maintain a similar independence, but, on the whole, it seems probable that the electioneering policy of the Government will be condemned by its total failure. The civil functionaries in Prussia are not so omnipotent as French Prefects, and in their own ranks they cultivate a certain spirit of patriotism and independence.

It is unfortunate that a new Parliament should have been forced, against its will, to commence its session in hostility to the Government. Apologists might easily show that the King of PRUSSIA is less arbitrary than HENRY VIII. or ELIZABETH; but States which enter on a career of liberty in the latter half of the nineteenth century cannot afford to travel at the pace which befitted the pioneers of liberty in England. Discoverers spend weeks and years in their labours to save the world the trouble of following in their painful footsteps. Courtiers and other satellites of despotism may, however, prefer the illustration of the broad causeway by which the legions of Hell passed freely backwards and forwards when Sin and Death had once followed their progenitor through the ocean of Chaos. Popular representation means, first, the command of the public purse, and afterwards the supreme control of national policy; and, in return, it places at the command of the Government which it supports resources which are practically inexhaustible. Ministers who are at the same time Parliamentary leaders speak on behalf of the KING, and in the name of the whole community; but all that foreigners know of Mr. VON DER HEYDT and his colleagues is, that they by no means enjoy the confidence of the constituencies. It is not impossible that the abandonment of the increase in the Army Estimates may enable the Ministry to weather the session without a decisive defeat, for the large concession which has been thought necessary, and which is now officially announced, is justly regarded as a tribute to the constitutional power of the Chambers. If the KING could have made up his mind to the reduction when it was pro-

posed by the minority of the former Cabinet, he might have earned the gratitude of his subjects by a proof that he took the Constitution in earnest. The postponement of the change is as awkward as the blunder or contrivance by which it has become publicly known. The theft of official documents has of late years become unaccountably common in Prussia, yet it is surprising that Mr. VON DER HEYDT's elaborate document should have been designed for entire secrecy. In other countries, confidential Cabinet minutes are shorter, less formal, and not overloaded with popular arguments.

All political prophecies are uncertain, but on the whole there is reason to expect that representative institutions will practically, in some form, acclimatize themselves on the Continent. Absolutism has, within living memory, failed again and again, and to the west of Russia not a single State exists without some pretence of an elective Assembly. The nearest approach to the English form of Government was made by France under LOUIS XVIII., and still more closely under LOUIS PHILIPPE. The Imperial Chambers, on the other hand, possess less substantial power than any contemporary Parliament, and yet they temper to a perceptible extent the otherwise absolute monarchy with which they are allowed to coexist. In Spain, the present Ministers appear to have learned how to manage the Chambers. In Italy, a great statesman gave life to a new Constitution by making it the nucleus of national regeneration. Even in Austria, the Council of the Empire possesses freedom of debate, and, to a certain extent, the control of the finances. Prussia is beginning to take interest in the elections notwithstanding the system of indirect votes; and the injudicious interference of the KING has done much to arouse the constituencies, and to create a corporate spirit in future Assemblies. The only serious danger which threatens representative Government is to be found in democratic theories. The party which is called feudal in Prussia mistakes its own interests when it supports the unlimited power of the Crown. The upper classes ought rather, as in Italy, to put themselves forward as the champions of that liberty of which they are the proper organs and defenders. Since the beginning of the last century, there have been no more vigorous levellers than despotic sovereigns. In England alone, the classes which were once privileged have compensated themselves for changes and losses by assuming the lead in political action.

In Prussia, as in Italy, a great national cause is intimately connected with the attainment of domestic freedom. The petty Princes of the Federation rejoice when Prussia steps backward instead of representing the political progress of Germany. An acting and ruling Parliament at Berlin would be recognised as the representative of millions beyond the nominal limits of the kingdom. The realisation of at least approximate national unity is not, to Germans, a theory or a sentimental crotchet. The safety and independence of the whole country is bound up in the abolition of a system which leaves the most powerful and warlike of Continental nations at the mercy of aggressive neighbours. If Prussia were at the head of Germany, there would be no question of Rhine frontiers or of natural boundaries, and Rhenish Bavaria would be as safe from conquest as Yorkshire or Provence. Lord AUCKLAND, writing from the seat of war in 1794, asserts that while France was overrunning the borders, the States of the Empire, if they had only been united, could have brought 600,000 good troops, with due proportions of cavalry and artillery, into the field in a fortnight. The preponderance in land force of Germany over any single European Power is at this moment equally decided, and yet there is general alarm whenever the policy of the Tuileries displays symptoms of unrest. In all the long and desolating wars which have laid waste the centre of Europe, the forces of Germany have never acted in a single body, except during the victorious march to Paris. The union of Italy cannot but have suggested envious feelings, and wishes that the King of PRUSSIA were animated by the spirit of VICTOR EMMANUEL. As a despot, he is powerless; but as a constitutional King, he may exercise almost unlimited authority, by simply carrying into effect the wishes of his subjects and his countrymen. If he is incapable of understanding his position, it may be hoped, that his prejudices will be overruled by the firm and temperate action of the Chambers. Constitutional Government is on its trial, with the singular advantage that no other plausible system any longer remains to try.

A CHRISTIAN JUBILEE.

ON the afternoon of Sunday, the 17th of May, 1562, the streets of the city of Toulouse ran red with blood. It was the time when the wars of religion in France were raging at their fiercest and hottest, and when Catholics and Huguenots alike thought they did God service by exterminating the foes of the true faith. For the best part of a week before, there had been daily combats between the two parties, with plenty of killing on both sides; but this particular business of the 17th of May was something beyond the ordinary atrocities even of the religious wars of the sixteenth century. The Protestants, having got rather the worst of it, had entrenched themselves, with a few pieces of artillery, in the Hotel de Ville, whence it was found impossible to dislodge them; and at length the Governor of the province went to them, as a messenger of peace, with terms of accommodation. Provided they would quit their stronghold, leaving their arms and ammunition behind them, they were free to depart unmolested, and go where they pleased. The offer was accepted, and during vespers, when all was quiet, the besieged began to fulfil their part of the compact. But they had scarcely commenced their retreat when an alarm was given, whereupon the pious Catholic worshippers rushed out of the churches, and proceeded to a practical exemplification of the doctrine, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. Some three or four thousand of the unarmed fugitives were murdered on the spot, and the remainder were afterwards put to death in a more regular way, by order of the local authorities. Altogether, this Toulouse massacre was a fitting rehearsal, on a smaller scale, of the colossal *auto da fé* which, ten years later, under the immediate auspices of a Most Christian King, was performed in the streets of Paris on the feast of St. Bartholomew.

Such, in brief, was the transaction which a Christian prelate deems an appropriate and edifying subject of festive and religious commemoration in this year 1862. The Archbishop of TOULOUSE, having duly fortified himself with sixteenth-century authorities and precedents, lately issued a Pastoral proclaiming a "centenary jubilee" in honour of the treacherous massacre of a defenceless crowd, and calling on his flock to celebrate with befitting rites the "glorious" event which took place here three hundred years ago. We cannot undertake to explain the exact nature and value of the "plenary indulgence" promised to those of the faithful who should duly solemnize this feast of blood; but we gather that extensive spiritual privileges of some sort were to reward the devout and thankful commemoration of an enormous public crime. It is satisfactory to find that the Pastoral was not particularly well received, even by those who might have been expected to view with favour anything coming from such a source. The archiepiscopal summons to praise God for a savage and wholesale murder, while it shocked and scandalized general opinion, was far from being universally acceptable to the Prelate's more zealous co-religionists; and he has since felt it necessary to apologize, or at least to explain. We cannot say, however, that the explanation comes to much, though we willingly give him the benefit of an attempted homage to common decency. The "glorious event" which the Catholics of Toulouse are exhorted to commemorate with jubilant gratitude is, it seems, not so much the massacre of the 17th of May as the victory of religious truth which was its happy consequence. The Archbishop does not exactly thank God that the frenzy of a fanatical mob turned the streets of Toulouse into a slaughter-house on a particular day three hundred years ago, but rather that it was the Catholic and not the Protestant cause that triumphed in that bloody conflict. He has the grace to acknowledge that "the Church abhors bloodshed;" but nevertheless, the Church is bound to be pleased when the shedding of blood is incidentally conducive to the spread and dominance of the true faith. Toulouse might have become "a sort of French Geneva" if the fight had gone the other way; and therefore the Archbishop, though he is sorry that so many thousand Protestants were foully murdered, considers it a right and Christian thing to thank Heaven that the balance of homicide was in favour of his own party. This is ingenious, but unsatisfactory. The Archbishop may turn it how he will, but it still comes to this—that he thinks it the part of a Christian prelate to revive and perpetuate the worst memories of an age of religious war and persecution. He is probably sincere in expressing disapprobation of treachery and murder in the

abstract; but he nevertheless deems it desirable that the Catholics of Toulouse in the nineteenth century should dwell with exulting complacency on the treacherous and murderous deeds of their ancestors in the sixteenth century. After all, the atrocities of the bloodthirsty rabble of 1562, though indefensible in themselves, are not so detestable but that the series of transactions of which they form a part may be justly described as "glorious," and worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. The least that can be said, on any view of the case, is that the Archbishop is anxious that France should revert with pride and satisfaction to the worst and darkest epoch of her history, and that he sees matter for jubilation in occurrences which all Christian men of every church and creed regard with loathing and horror. On his principles, there is not the smallest reason why the Church should not also commemorate as a "glorious event" the St. Bartholomew massacre of 1572; for it precisely corresponds, both in its moral characteristics and in its political results, with the perfidious butchery which Toulouse is taught to consider the brightest spot in her annals.

Happily, the meditated scandal to religion and public decency has been averted—in part at least—by the opportune interference of the State. Imperialism has spoken in the *Moniteur*, and put its interdict on the threatened celebration of "a grievous and bloody episode in our ancient religious discords." The Archbishop may do what he thinks proper within the walls of his own Cathedral, but he is not to be allowed to perform his unhallowed rites in the public streets, and to insult the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century by the open glorification of the crimes of the sixteenth. It is not improbable that this timely intervention of the civil power has prevented very grave and serious consequences; for we have no reason to suppose that religious parties at Toulouse would be better able to resist the judicious administration of theological irritants than our Belfast Orange and Catholic factions on one of the "pious," "glorious, and immortal" anniversaries of No-Popery religionism. Meanwhile, however, the Archbishop persists in doing what he can, if he cannot do all that he would, to inflame the sectarian passions of an excitable Southern population. He intends, it seems, to hold his jubilee in-doors, with all the magnificence that circumstances permit. We are told that medals are being struck to commemorate the "glorious event," and that a "plenary indulgence for three hundred days" (whatever that may mean) is to reward the devout purchasers of these symbols of blood. It will clearly not be the fault of the Archbishop if the Catholics of Toulouse fail to regard with emulous admiration the acts of ancestors who have achieved for their city a proud eminence in the records of religious crime. The last centenary celebration of the massacre of 1562 was appropriately signaled by a series of fanatical atrocities of which the judicial murder of CALAS is but a sample. Fortunately, however, the world has grown older since 1762, and even the fiercest archiepiscopal zeal must sometimes be contented to let the will be taken for the deed.

This affair is, in some aspects, far from unsatisfactory. It is evident that the Archbishop has overshot his mark, and that his scheme of a grand Centenary Jubilee was a blunder. The scandalous project has not only been denounced by Imperial authority, but it has been indignantly reprobated by every journal of influence and character in France; and it is but fair to conclude that the general feeling of sincere and earnest Catholics has been offended by a proposal which even the Ultramontane press but faintly excuses. It is probable that the Archbishop has unwittingly done a good service to the cause of religious toleration by his contemplated outrage on the commonest decencies and charities of life. He has at all events succeeded in giving the world a particularly repulsive exhibition of Ultramontane fanaticism at a moment when it is more than usually desirable, in the interests of freedom and humanity, that the partisans of the Papacy should show themselves to mankind for what they are.

THE REVIVAL OF INDIA.

FOR a long time past, the news from India, though chequered with occasional features of a less hopeful kind, has shown on the whole the symptoms of steady progress and improvement. Some very trifling local disturbances, now apparently suppressed, are the only signs of political or social disorder—unless, indeed, we are to include the remnant of the Indigo troubles, which, in the new shape of landlord and tenant disputes, have con-

tinued to bear the fruit which a thoroughly rotten system was likely to produce. Even these evils are obviously declining, and although the military force at the disposal of the Government has been enormously reduced in numerical strength, though not perhaps in effective strength, the general tranquillity and security of the country appears to be at least equal to what it was in the most favourable times that preceded the mutiny. The new taxation, which it was predicted would unite all India in sullen opposition to our rule, has been borne with patience; and voluntary remissions, by a Government possessed of an overflowing treasury, have already begun to take the place of the forced abandonment of unpopular imposts which was confidently proclaimed as the inevitable consequence of Mr. WILSON's vigorous effort to equalize revenue and expenditure. Although the great works which are needed to bring out the buried wealth of India have not been prosecuted with the energy which they deserved, the country has been busy at road-making and railway construction, and has already added largely to its means of conveying cotton and other products to the ports from which England draws so large a supply. The import trade, though it has scarcely yet fully recovered from the effects of the famine which prostrated the most important district which Manchester had opened up, is quietly and steadily advancing. Government credit is high. Native dignitaries are, in appearance at least, satisfied, and even gratified, by the consideration with which they have been treated; and the good will of the nominally independent princes is illustrated by the liberal act of the MAHARAJAH SCINDIA in throwing open the cotton trade through his dominions, at the sacrifice of 50,000 rupees of his revenue.

But the most unexpected, and at the same time the most solid, evidence of the improvement of India is afforded by her financial position. Until quite recently, a state of bankruptcy seemed the inevitable condition of the Indian Exchequer. Even Mr. WILSON, with all his determination to restore equilibrium by adequate taxation, was unable to shake off the deficit which had become a settled element of Indian finance. The actual issue of Mr. LAING's first Budget is not yet determined, but enough is known to prove that at last India has come to the end of the exceptional period which the mutiny introduced, and has begun once more to pay her own expenses. Until the accounts of the year are made up, the best possible test of the course of financial affairs is supplied by the state of the cash balances. It will be remembered that the balances of 1860 were heavily drawn upon to meet the deficiency of the year, and in fact the total amount in all the treasuries, in January 1861, was only 12,670,000*l.* against 15,560,000*l.* in the previous year. But from that time the improvement has been rapid and continuous, and the returns for last January show an available balance of 18,600,000*l.* The remittances to England to cover home expenses and interest on debt, though large, have been made without any difficulty. The license tax has been remitted, as no longer necessary to restore the equilibrium of the finances, and the *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent. on imports, which ought perhaps to have been the first to be given up, is not likely to survive many months longer.

All this progress is due to a single cause, the reduction of military expenditure—a resource which had at length become available by the complete pacification and quiescence of the country after the spasmodic fury of the late rebellion. The hopes of further reduction of taxation, and the prospects of increased outlay upon Government works, are still considered in India to depend on the further prosecution of the same policy. With a native army reduced to a fraction of its former strength, and a European force of no more than 80,000 men, it seems, for the present at any rate, to be practicable to keep the whole extent of India in peaceable subjection. It is asserted that the force which still remains is in excess of that which the authorities at home have pronounced sufficient, and the Indian Government seems to be willing and anxious to make a still smaller force suffice to garrison all India, and to employ the consequent savings in case of its financial policy. The perennial controversy between the Horse Guards and the Indian authorities, as to the amount of the subsidy which India has to contribute in return for the services of the British army, was supposed to have been settled by the compromise which substituted the payment of a fixed rate per head for the more complicated system which had previously prevailed. But the financiers of India are not yet satisfied that they do not pay too much, and the War Office at home seems to be doubtful whether it has not conceded more than it can fairly afford. With some art, the question of the repeal of the heavy tax on

Manchester goods is always mixed up in Indian arguments with the military dispute; and Manchester manufacturers, who justly complain of the protection to native spinners, are urged to put pressure upon the Government, to force them into a more liberal settlement of the military question. The very fact that topics such as these form the most stirring themes of discussion, is, perhaps, the best evidence of the change which has come over India. Two or three years ago, the few hundreds of thousands which the army is said even now to cost beyond the stipulated charge, would have been passed by as a mere drop in the ocean of military expenditure; and the obnoxious Customs duties would have been thought utterly trivial as a means of filling up the vast chasm of deficit which year after year disclosed. Now, India is getting into a normal state of finance, and is fairly paying her way, and the first and most natural effect of the practicability of balancing her accounts is to induce a more eager canvassing of every item of expenditure or revenue which may turn the scale in a favourable or unfavourable direction. For the present, it may be assumed that a Government which can afford to return money actually levied under the now abandoned license tax, sees very clear evidence of a surplus upon the year. This point once reached, it will be for Lord CANNING's successor to guard against any relapse into the old system of deficits.

To predict a long course of prosperity for India would be to forget the lessons of past experience. At the commencement of Lord DALHOUSIE's viceroyalty, universal peace and financial prosperity were confidently anticipated; and equally sanguine expectations were indulged, on even stronger grounds, when Lord CANNING assumed the Government of India. But, in the one case, these hopes were disappointed by one of the fiercest of all our Indian wars, and in the other by the sudden mutiny of the entire Bengal army. What may be in store for Lord ELGIN none can say, but his administration opens with the best promise, and he can scarcely have to grapple with difficulties more formidable than those which his predecessors successfully surmounted. Perhaps we may venture to say at least this—that the prospects of peace and prosperity have never been so bright as now, and that the often predicted era of material advancement does seem at last to have dawned upon our Eastern Empire. If no unforeseen contingencies should blight this fair promise, there is scarcely any limit to the rapidity of the advance in wealth which India may look forward to. Financial difficulties have passed away, the land has been freely thrown open to English enterprise, and a new system of currency, on the plan approved by the experience of our own country, is about to invigorate trade. A fresh stimulus has been given to the work of opening communications by road, by rail, and by canal; large breadths of waste land are being enclosed and cultivated; and the madness of American parties promises to re-establish the cotton trade on a scale proportioned to the natural capabilities of India, and to give her the monopoly of the most important traffic in the world. Under such circumstances, it would seem, but for the warning of the past, impossible that the resources of the country should remain undeveloped for want of the fostering aid of the Government. Our plain mission in India at this time is to assist, by reproductive works of every kind, the forward march which the country is now prepared to make in industrial enterprise. Any hesitation or parsimony in carrying out a policy of material progress would be the most fatal error which could be committed. The ground has been well prepared by investigations of able and zealous officers, and no Indian Governor need be for a moment at a loss to know how to apply Government means and official encouragement in the most effective manner. Let there be no timidity in this new campaign of industry, and we have every reason to hope for triumphs not less decisive, and far more satisfactory, than any that have been won over foreign enemies or native rebels.

CERTAIN USES OF LIGHT READING.

THERE is one use of fiction which those who object to it as a frivolous and dissipating influence do not take into account—we mean its necessary, nay inevitable tendency, in fairly honest hands, to enlarge the sympathies and to promote candour and fair judgment. There have always been people who regard works of imagination as simple waste of time for all concerned—nay worse, as enlisting the feelings for imaginary sorrows and closing them against real ones. Because the young lady, weeping over a tragedy, objects to be called from it to relieve the necessities of a poor

neighbour, they take for granted that both writer and reader misuse their gifts and are on a wrong tack altogether. These objectors do not, probably, take a high stand as people of taste, or even of intellect; but all conscientious objectors have weight. Nor do we seriously regret that some difficulties should be thrown in the way of what to the young — though, alas! no longer to reviewers — is apt to be too fascinating an occupation. However, our present task is to plead for it, in modern phrase, as one of the educators, and to prove that fiction has a real solid work to perform which no other influence could do as well.

We remember in our childhood being perplexed by hearing a "high authority" lament that Sir Walter Scott had not employed his great talents on something useful. The field assigned was, we recollect, history. It was a pity he had not written histories instead of novels. We could not echo the wish, nor desire to see those golden pages changed into bald instruction, as history appeared to our childish apprehension. But we did not know how to dispute the point. We had no arguments to bring against the objector's arguments. We were ensnared by the fallacy that, as truth must be better than make-believe, therefore truth of fact, which we did understand, must be better than truth of nature which we knew nothing about; and we felt irritated and baffled accordingly. The author of this oracular judgment was a religious partizan, and we respected it as a pious scruple; but we have since observed that partizans of all schools are essentially the same in this opposition, or at least indifference, to the faculties of invention and observation. They will never allow fancy fair play. If they cannot subdue it into an ally, they regard it as a wilful opponent. Anything is more probable than that others should be honestly indifferent to the main interest of their lives, so they attribute malignant intention to every word that displeases them, and are eager for reprisals in kind. To satisfy this demand we have the political, religious, self-styled moral or philosophical novel, in which all the personages are good or bad, clever or foolish, in strict conformity with their position towards the author's party, and are approved or condemned according to the views of the critic. The opinion upon works of imagination expressed by persons wrapped up in one passionate all-absorbing pursuit is not really worth a straw. Mr. Kingsley thought it a great point to adduce for that well-meant farrago of sentimentalism, *The Fool of Quality* — which some crotchets tempted him to exhume a few years ago — John Wesley's opinion "that it was one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world, the strokes so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural and affecting that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a head of stone." But such a judgment only proves the unfitness of a vehement religious reformer for the task of criticism. He has other work to do, and has no sympathies in common with the reader who looks for nature and probability in what professes to be a picture of life.

The poet, in giving us an ideal, is justified in adapting his world to it — personifying virtues and vices at his pleasure. His aim is to draw man as he ought to be, not as he is. But the study of the novelist is human nature as he sees it; and if, with this avowed aim, he draws his characters simply to recommend a particular opinion, or to create prejudice against it, and carries his design consistently through, he is either without the knowledge he professes, or he deliberately goes against it. He assumes that men are mere bundles of opinions — that by these alone their conduct is actuated — that there are no other influences than direct ones; and he forgets that there is some teaching that we all have in common, which perpetually asserts itself, and, in spite of all our differences, draws us together. The real, keen, faithful observer of nature, whatever his views, cannot be untrue to his instinct. He cannot enlist our sympathies all on one side. Every man of vigorous healthy intellect has a strong bias, moral, political, religious. No doubt Shakspeare had — certainly Sir Walter Scott had; but the duty of truth to nature and character was in their eyes infinitely higher than that of recommending an opinion, and it is where this impulse to tell the truth is stronger than any deliberate intention of enforcing and illustrating principles by fictitious example, that the uses of fiction as a humaniser, as a teacher of candour, forbearance, and charity, as a softener of prejudice, as a check to injustice, are inestimable. All Scott's feelings were against the Covenanters, and all his pursuits strengthened the early prejudice. He even designed *Old Mortality* as a mode of telling the world what sort of people these self-styled saints really were; but his *dramatis personæ* were too strong for him, and perforce modified his plan. He could not draw men all black as party spirit had drawn them; he could not help testifying that there were faults on both sides — sufferers for conscience' sake on both sides; he could not help showing that there is a training of the temper and affections independent of the side men take. The subject from henceforth was divested of some of its rancour, antipathies were moderated, and it could be discussed in a more liberal and tolerant spirit.

People without imagination can hardly exercise charity beyond the range of their immediate observation, for they only conceive of opponents, or of those separated from them by wide social distinctions, as embodiments of principles. They do not believe them to be literally of the same nature with themselves. Nor, as most people are constituted, is it desirable to break through these causes of separation by any marked energetic departure from custom and the habits of society. It is better for the highest interests of humanity that principles and fellowship of opinion should be amongst the main

motives for companionship; and this condition involves in a good degree separation from those of different creeds and schools, simply because we have not means nor time nor capabilities for knowing everybody. Indeed, where people of average benevolence expend their geniality upon their assumed opponents, it is generally at the cost of their friends. Foes grow nearer to their heart than allies, and thus their liberality betrays them; they stand aloof, are regarded with mistrust, and live in an anomalous, not to say false, position. People's associates, then, had best be those with whom they have most principles, feelings, and habits in common. But their reading may take a wider range; and it is one of the great uses of light literature to act in this respect as a sort of personal intercourse, thus spanning over the spaces which divide parties and social circles, and showing men something of the interior of other states of life than their own. All masters of fiction thus extend the sphere of our sympathies. Every leading novelist has imparted an interest to some class or section of the community which it had not before in the world's eyes. The domain of romance is continually extending; social life is one vast gold field, where new and prolific veins never dreamt of reward the adventurous and discerning seeker.

At the present moment, such a vein reveals itself in certain papers on the life of middle-class dissent now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the general title of "Chronicles of Carlingford," more particularly in the current number. Internal evidence (and we have no other) leaves scarcely a doubt of their authorship. It is difficult to suppose that "Salem Chapel" can come from any other pen than that to which we owe *Adam Bede* and *Scenes of Clerical Life*. It is said of the epic poet that he ought to possess all the knowledge of his time, but it is no gain to the novelist to have a very widely diffused knowledge of his especial sphere, society. These new veins are brought to light by a keen comprehensive intelligence being restricted to a narrow field of observation — restricted, that is, at the time when the heart is impassible and the curiosity most eager. The writer before us has recourse to scenes and memories which could only have had strong attraction in default of more common and generally received interests — homely scenes which through her first find the outlet of fiction and become the property of the world. And her knowledge is not more remarkable for its strangeness than for its reality. What this writer knows at all is known with a fulness and an intimacy which throws the observation of other writers into the shade. Of course we have had plenty of pictures of the social aspect of Dissent before from friend and foe, either to invite or to repel — none of them very attractive. But this strikes as the first close and intimate, but perfectly impartial, portraiture from a thoroughly competent hand — competent on the score of art, in the advantages of an admirable style, the sign of a polished and highly cultivated intellect, and competent, too, as revealing a knowledge of the subject which sympathy and experience alone could give. The portrait of Mr. Vincent, the young, interesting, clever Dissenting Minister, is by one who has not patronised Dissent, or surveyed it externally, but who at one time must have believed in it, and in the minister too. Nor is it possible that Mr. Tozer's back parlour can be described only through the fancy. And here lies the value of the picture. All is absolutely true to life — no departure from taste or refinement is spared. It may even be called a satire on "our connection" and on the interior of Dissenting life, whose pretensions to superior piety and spirituality are made small account of; but it is a true and candid reproduction of impressions by one faithful to what she has once seen and felt, and the result is an access of benevolence towards the Dissenting interest. She has studied ministers and deacons, and deacons' wives, not in their professional external aspect, but as men and women; and thus, while it is far from her design to recommend Dissent, while it may be regarded almost as an exposure of the working of the voluntary system, the subject is brought out of that region where the outer world looks on perplexed — not able to fathom motives, and ready, therefore, to attribute strange and unnatural ones — into the light of day, where we encounter nothing more terrible than a cheerful self-confident vulgarity. We are admitted into Dissenting management and tactics, and are shown how little "dissenting venom" actuates their main movers. Probably the student of character may be constitutionally indisposed to believe in absolute disinterested absorption in a cause; and where the study is directed by a feminine instinct, there is an additional tendency to ignore public general motives, and to trace all to private and particular causes. The line taken does not account for the origin of Dissent; but it explains its action, now it has become an organized national feature, an hereditary distinction, a calling to which men are trained. When, with fiery zeal, the young minister set forth, in those lectures on Church and State "which shook society in Carlingford to its very foundation," the wrongs Christianity sustains from endowments, we understand perfectly that he was, all unknown to himself, "delivering his blow at the world — his warm youthful assertion that he, too, had a right to all the joys and privileges of humanity" — that he was, in fact, fretting at being confined to the society of his congregation. It is clear, too, that Tozer the deacon, on the same occasion, was not actuated primarily by opposition to the establishment, though his zeal necessarily took this irritating and exasperating form, but by loyalty to "our connection," and anxiety for the fame and aggrandizement of Salem Chapel, and the letting of its pews. We see that these interests are so foremost in his regard that antipathies have only a secondary place. It is impossible to think of

Tozer as a schismatic—it is only that "Salem" is to him the universal Church, and he its nursing father. Thus, on the accession of a new minister, as a clever, practical man of business, he consults with Pigeon, his fellow deacon, how to make the most of him. It is constantly asked where Dissenters get their money. The following discussion gives us some insight into this and into the prevailing spirit of their leaders:—

"Now, as we've got a pastor as does us credit, I am not the man to consider a bit of expense. My opinion is as we should take the Music Hall for them lectures. There's folks might go to the Music Hall as would never come to Salem, and we're responsible for our advantages. A clever young man like Mr. Vincent ain't to be named along with Mr. Tufton. We're the teachers of the community, that's what we are. I am for being public spirited—I always was; and I don't mind standing my share. My opinion is as we should take the Music Hall."

"If we was charging sixpence a head or so—" said prudent Pigeon, the poulterer.

"That's what I never will give my consent to—never," said Tozer. "If we was amusin' the people we might charge sixpence a head; but mark my words," continued the buttermilk, "there ain't twenty men in Carlingford, nor in no other place, as would give sixpence to have their minds enlightened. No, Sir, we are conferring of a boon; and let's do it handsomely. I say, let's do it handsomely; and here's my name down for five pounds to clear expenses: and if every man in Salem does as well there ain't no reason for hesitating. I'm a plain man, but I don't make no account of a little bit of money when a principle's at stake."

This statement was conclusive. When it came to the sacrifice of a little bit of money, neither Mrs. Pigeon nor Mrs. Brown could have endured life had their husbands yielded the palm to Tozer.

Mr. Tozer is not a refined man, and the dialect that clothes unrefined ideas is reported with inexorable fidelity; but somehow our sympathies are never quite closed to the man who is liberal of his money, and though the ladies of Salem have a taste not more fastidious than their worthy deacon, their simple vulgarity is not unredeemed by some natural touches of sentiment. Such there are in the "tea-meeting"—another of those mysteries to the outer world laid bare by this vivid and graphic pen. Their pride in their young minister's refinement is touched with a tenderness that wraps the hot, steamy, crowded, underground school-room,—including the triumphant Tozer, jammed up in a corner, drinking tea out of a spare sugar-basin, and the jolly brother minister and chairman, so profusely congenial with the occasion—all in a soft haze of poetry:—

He (Mr. Vincent) was, oh! so interesting in his silence and pallor! He spoke little, and when anyone addressed him he had to come back, as if from a distance, to hear. If any body could imagine that Mr. Raffles contrasted dangerously with Mr. Vincent in that reserve and quietness, it would be a mistake unworthy of a philosophic observer; on the contrary the Salem people were all doubly proud of their pastor. It was not to be expected that such a man should unbend as the reverend chairman did. They preferred that he should continue on his stilts. It would have been a personal humiliation to the real partisans of the chapel had he really woke up and come down from that elevation. The more common-place the ordinary "connection" was, the more proud they felt of their student and scholar. . . . Even Mrs. Pigeon looked on with silent admiration. He was "high"—never before had Salem known a minister who did not condescend to be gracious at a tea meeting—and the leader of the opposition honoured him in her heart.

If all this gives us some hint as to how prigs are made, the lesson is, by the way, an undesigned homage to nature; and we learn to be tender even towards prigs—to lay the blame on the system rather than the man, and to agree, too, with Tozer, that "a man can't study like he does and make hisself agreeable at the same time." No proselytising designs lie covert under these genial scenes from the life—they simply do the work we assign to every honest picture of character. We leave off softened in our personal prejudices, but with an orthodoxy even strengthened by the plea so reasonably put forward by the young beauty of the story, whose argumentative powers are hardly equal to the onslaught on Church and State, but who is keenly up to its practical bearing—"What would become of us if we were all Dissenters? What a frightful idea!"

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

THESE are many reasons why the "Governess" class should excite the sympathy of the public. One reason is that the mere abstract idea of a governess appeals to the feelings and stirs the imagination. Notwithstanding the Jane Eyres and Becky Sharpes of fiction, the ideal governess may be described as follows:—A lady rather above the middle height—young and generally handsome—her dress simple, but in excellent taste—her manner timid, but unmistakably ladylike. Her brow is slightly clouded by an expression of premature thoughtfulness, but a kind glance or courteous word dispels the gloom as by a charm. Her voice is low and musical, save when the persistent naughtiness of her pupils imparts to it an accent of plaintive remonstrance. So much for the outward characteristics of the ideal governess. As for her private history, it is assumed to be simply a record of unmerited suffering. Now, whatever claims the real governess may have upon our sympathy and consideration—and she has many claims—it is desirable that we should deal with her as she is in everyday life, and not as she is in the regions of the imagination. Passing by the question of personal appearance, which can be best tested by experience, is it true that the life of a governess is one of peculiar bitterness? We doubt whether any sphere of duty can be deemed so while it carries with it the comforts of a home and a clearly defined period of entire freedom, at the close of every day, from toil and responsibility.

But it is alleged—we are not prepared to say on what precise data—that governesses form an undue proportion of the inmates

of lunatic asylums. Is not this a convincing proof of the misery of their lot? We scarcely think so. No doubt many governesses have known trouble and affliction. A death in the family has cut off the source of their subsistence—the bursting of a bubble bank has precipitated them several degrees downward in the social scale—the collapse of a rotten railway company has condemned them to comparative penury. It matters not what becomes of the sons; but one thing is certain—the daughters rush into the overstocked governess market in search of a livelihood. Imperfectly educated themselves, it is assumed that they are not the less competent to educate others if they only choose to try. The task naturally turns out to be not only difficult but disagreeable. We have, therefore, before us the case of a young woman passing from a state of cheerful independence to one of depressing constraint—her heart heavily burdened by the recollection of recent family trials, and her energies suddenly taxed to discharge duties for which she is perhaps neither qualified by nature nor by education. Is it to be wondered at that so cruel a strain upon the mind and heart results occasionally in confirmed insanity? But the insanity is due to the calamities that make women governesses rather than to the trials they experience when they have become governesses.

We must not be supposed to assert that most governesses are ladies of shattered fortunes and blighted prospects. It is the case with a large proportion, but we should be surprised to learn it was the case with the majority. A great many ladies enter the governess profession with the same matter-of-fact premeditation with which men prepare themselves for the bar or study for orders. A young woman is often dedicated to this calling, and prepared for its duties—irregularly, it may be, but still deliberately—just as her brother is articulated to an attorney, apprenticed to a country surgeon, or launched in the booktrade or tobacco business. There is no romance or pathos about it. The parents have had a hard struggle ever since the day of their marriage; they knew from the first what they had to expect; they were well aware that the boys would have to fight their way through the world, and that one or more of the girls must be trained up to be governesses. Or, may be, the parents are decent well-to-do tradesfolk—not wealthy, but yet fairly thriving—who are blessed, or think they are blessed, with three or four girls too genteel to be stuck behind a counter. Forthwith they decide that Sarah Ann and Amelia Jane must have nothing to do with the shop. They shall embrace the ladylike vocation of governess. And it should be borne in mind that, as every clergyman is assumed to be a gentleman, and is treated as such until he proves himself the contrary, so every governess is *de jure* a lady. To be engaged as a governess is often as great a rise in the world, and as distinct a title of gentility, as to be raised from the ranks in the army and receive the Queen's Commission.

A large percentage of governesses consists of ladies left unprotected very early in life, and taken in charge by friends or relatives. These have never known any other condition than one of comparative dependence, and cannot be said to have tasted the bitterness of sudden calamity. To such, indeed, the knowledge that they are earning subsistence for the present, and laying by a comfortable provision for the future, must be a substantial set-off against the occasional troubles and annoyances of the governess profession. There are few young women of spirit and energy who would not rather endure the worry of the school-room—even assuming it to be nothing but worry—for a stated number of hours daily, and sustain the possible grievance of a rude, or supercilious, or mulish materfamilias, than creep on through life, eating the unpalatable bread of idleness and dependence, with the yoke of unrequited obligation growing heavier with every passing year.

Young women destined, from whatever cause, at an early age, to the profession of a governess, are, as a rule, far more competent for the work they undertake than those driven into the arena by stress of circumstances. The latter are often simply incapable. They regard the work of training and instruction much as the Irishman regarded the accomplishment of playing the fiddle. They have never tried, and therefore think it quite possible they may succeed. To be sure, young women of the middle class often teach their younger sisters. That is to say, they teach their sisters to read a little sooner than their sisters would have taught themselves; they imbue them with a little of their own hazy information on the subject of ciphering and geography; they succeed, by dint of scolding and coaxing, in gradually enabling them to write in a handwriting, if possible, worse than their own. No one, however, can regard these domestic triumphs as satisfactory pledges of future success in the task of educating young ladies up to the usual standard.

To return to ladies specially trained to be governesses. Amongst the most efficient are those trained in institutions like the Adult Orphan Asylum in London, or in Catholic or Protestant convents abroad. Of those not educated at any particular establishment, some are of course good, but many indifferent. In fact, to designate the greater number as "specially trained," would be a misnomer. The process of training is often nothing better than a scrambling education at a third-rate boarding-school. The result is crude and shallow, but a varnish is laid on to cover defects and communicate a deceptive gloss. The young lady is advertised as follows:—

Governess (Resident).—A young lady of the Established Church is desirous of an engagement in a nobleman's or gentleman's family. Acquirements: Thorough English, fluent French (perfected in Paris), German (grammatically), Music (a pupil of Herz), superior Drawing (sketches from nature). Apply, &c.

We have never been able to ascertain the exact signification of "thorough English." It may mean that the lady is thoroughly at home in English literature in all its branches. It may mean that

she can read a page of English with judicious emphasis and correct pronunciation, and write a page without any egregious blunders in grammar or spelling. But, in many instances, we are driven to the conclusion that it means simply nothing at all. It is a conventional expression about as valuable as "Your obedient faithful servant" at the end of a letter written by a man who does nothing you wish him to do, and who intends to play you false as soon as he has sealed it. "Thorough English" commonly implies a very slippery acquaintance with one's own language. "Fluent French" is more definite and intelligible. It is often an acquirement actually possessed by the advertiser. Unfortunately, on closer inquiry, it resolves itself into an easy gabble of boarding-school French with an ineradicable English accent. True, it was perfected in Paris, but that very likely means that the young lady paid a flying visit of a fortnight to her uncle, the clerk of the works superintending some fresh alterations at the English Embassy, and employed her time to the best advantage by chatting over the counter with the tradesfolk, or gossiping with middle-class English residents in the French language for the sake of mutual improvement. Of "German (grammatically)" the less said the better. "Music (a pupil of Herz)" may signify that the advertiser's papa in a lucid interval of liberality allowed her to take half-a-dozen lessons of that eminent musician, with no result discernible by any of the parties concerned. "Superior drawing (sketches from nature)" is a bold stroke thrown in by an astute friend of the family. It means that the young lady industriously filled, a drawing-book with the usual series of pencil sketches, commencing with dropsical milestones, and terminating in an elaborate landscape chiefly remarkable for a village church with a spire stuck on awry like an extinguisher on a bedroom candle, and a background of trees of a peculiar species with wool instead of leaves for foliage. But it means more. It means that the artist actually took sketches from nature. In other words, the young lady devoted several mornings to sketching in a free and easy style the box of mignonette outside the sitting-room window in Soho Square, and followed up her success by transferring to paper a faint resemblance of the fat Cupid vainly endeavouring to catch a butterfly on the top of the damaged ormolu clock that decorates the chimney-piece.

The advertisement we have given is of the ordinary type. Of course there are modifications. "A Christian family preferred," is an occasional but not frequent feature, thrown in as a bait to catch parents of serious views. "A liberal salary expected" is by no means an uncommon intimation, but it is a hazardous game to play. It attracts and stimulates parents of an ambitious frame of mind, but affrights the timid and deters the prudent. In describing accomplishments, the concise phraseology of advertisements leads to ambiguity. For example, we have noticed an announcement to this effect:—"Superior music and singing (bass)." For superior music we are thankful, but are not sure that a governess with a bass voice would be a satisfactory instructress of young ladies, or a pleasing inmate of a moderate-sized household. It is probable the advertiser had heard of "thorough bass" as something which every good musician ought to know; but, not to seem too pretentious, modestly dropped the "thorough."

There is one symptom, either of inefficiency or of folly, in these advertisements, which we are disposed to regard as generally conclusive. It is to hook on to a long list of acquirements the art of making wax flowers. "She is qualified to impart a sound English education, with French, German, Italian, music, singing, drawing, painting, and wax flowers." We do not quote the sentence to elicit inquiry as to how a lady can impart "wax flowers." In dealing with the "sound English" exhibited in newspaper advertisements this would be hypercriticism. What we wish to notice is the absurdity of throwing in "wax flowers" as the crowning qualification of a lady whose talents and acquirements must, if she is telling us the truth, be of a very high order. The bathos of wax flowers indicates a state of mind verging upon harmless idiocy. On the other hand, idiocy seems inconsistent with proficiency in languages, in music, in singing, and the fine arts generally. The inevitable deduction is, that the lady is slightly deviating from the path of truth, and that probably her only accomplishment is that last mentioned in the catalogue—the art of making wax flowers. But who wants wax flowers? Who cares for them? You detect them in a faded, flyblown condition on the mantelpiece of a second-class lodging. You are pestered to purchase them at the Bazaar in aid of the Escaped Convicts' Friend Society, but shudder and pass on. A fair relative of an ingenious turn of mind makes you a present of a bouquet of them inclosed in a dome of obtrusive rotundity. In agony of mind you accept the gift and store the fragile simulacrum under its glass case in a remote attic, to be promoted to the drawing-room table whenever the donor is expected to tea.

We have dealt with the inefficient section of the governess class. It is by no means insignificant in point of numbers; but we should be sorry to seem unmindful of the real worth, or indifferent to the undeniable hardships, of many of the class. The interests, however, of the higher grade of governesses require that the pretensions of ladies who have no business in the profession should be good-naturedly exposed. Not that we pedantically regard these interlopers in the light of criminal impostors. Far from it. In the first place, many ladies do not know any better, and really believe themselves competent for the work they undertake. In the second place, it happens too often that there really is no other means of picking up a livelihood within their reach. It is therefore rather their misfortune than their fault that they are governesses. The evil is one easy to perceive, but difficult to remedy.

A lady signing herself "Maria S. Rye," has written to the *Times* appealing for aid in behalf of a society for sending out ladies of the governess class, free of charge, to the colonies, where they may find husbands and settle down in a comfortable home. It is best to describe the object of the society in this simple matter-of-fact style. There are numbers of young women in this country—of the upper middle class—in poor circumstances, and very unlikely to better themselves, without employment and without friends. Marriage is a mere casualty that must not be reckoned upon. We have indeed known ladies of the governess class who have married, and married happily. But these belonged to the higher, not the lower grade, of the profession. Of the latter, very few marry, and if they do it is usually in a reckless, imprudent fashion. We remember a middle-aged lady confiding to some young friends, in accents of mournful tenderness, that in early life she had been very nearly married. The object of her affections was in every respect eligible—"he was all but a beau." The unreflecting reader may deem this revelation rather droll. But, for ourselves, we confess we find in it something decidedly touching. To have had but one chance of matrimony, and that chance to have involved the privilege of union for life to a man who was "all but a beau," is a condition of affairs too melancholy to dwell upon. Acceptable offers of marriage rarely, then, cheer the monotonous gloom of ladies of the lower grade of the governess class. Yet these young women, as a rule, are modest and well-behaved—often not only pleasing in manners but attractive in person—and, though imperfectly educated, possessed of plenty of natural intelligence.

On the other hand, how stands the case in our colonies, whether east, west, or south? We find there thousands of Englishmen, both young and middle-aged, each of whom says he wants but one thing to make him perfectly contented with his lot, and that is—a wife. It seems, therefore, a wise and benevolent course to despatch these young women from a country where they are only in the way, to one where they will be welcomed with joy and appreciated according to their merits. Although young women likely to embrace the offer of husbands and homes in the colonies will, for the most part, belong to what may be termed the inefficient section of the governess class, their removal in any considerable number will directly benefit trained and duly qualified governesses. It will raise the latter in the social scale, and enable them to command a more satisfactory salary. Mr. Kingsley, in a letter warmly advocating the scheme, takes a gloomy view of the efforts which benevolent ladies are making to supply women with employment in the lighter forms of manual labour in our own country. But here we are at issue with him. We have faith both in the ultimate success of their exertions, and in the benefits that must accrue to society, by rendering women less dependent than at present upon the resource of an early and often ill-assorted marriage. We believe that single women possessed of a certain independence, and able, so to say, to hold their own, would exercise a salutary influence over the men of their acquaintance. The weakness, the poverty, the multiplicity of the womankind are causes amply adequate to account for the carelessness—not to say recklessness and depravity—of young men of whatever class in society. Beggars cannot be choosers, and, as a rule, women in the present day are beggars in disguise. If they could dictate their own terms, we may be sure that the cause of morality would not lose by it. We wish success very heartily, therefore, to all well-considered schemes for giving strength and freedom to unmarried women; and we especially wish well to the proposed method of relieving the crowded governess market by facilitating emigration amongst the class from which that market is so incessantly recruited. We believe the notion to be a thoroughly good one, and calculated to promote the happiness and increase the usefulness of thousands of young women whose present condition is very much to be pitied.

THE CRADLE OF FINE WRITING.

WE believe that we have, after much research, lighted upon the true birth-place of the high-polite style. The fact of its existence we have known long—too long; but it has been a phenomenon which has always puzzled us. People write it and talk it; but how did they come to write it and talk it? We open our unavoidable daily paper, we read a political article, and are sorely troubled to find out what is meant by saying that we have a "government in disponibility." We look to the next column, and find that an assault committed by a man who was very drunk is spoken of as committed "in the plenitude of alcohol." We open what professes to be a translation of about the wisest modern book in the French language, and we stand aghast at finding the simple *ceci fait* of the writer expanded by his interpreter into all the glory of "when these preliminaries are terminated." These odd phenomena set us speculating. What manner of men can they be who write in such a fashion? What an odd sight we should see if we could look into the mind of a man who talks about "the plenitude of alcohol," or who translates *ceci fait* by "when these preliminaries are terminated." What can be the origin and history of such people? Where can they have learned their strange art? One can hardly think that they sucked in their dialect from their mothers or their nurses. Was the poor innocent baby, from the moment he was born, always "alluded to" as an "individual"? Was he taught, as soon as he could speak, to "allude to" other "individuals"? Did he daily undergo a matutinal ablution? Was he then clad in appropriate juvenile habiliments? And, finally, when these preliminaries were terminated, was

he set down to partake of the refreshment of pap? Mothers and nurses have their own special follies, but we never suspected them of teaching darling baby to talk the high-polite style from the very beginning. Even the milder form of Johnsonese is described by Lord Macaulay as "a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse." And if Johnsonese is so unmotherly and un-nurse-like, what shall we say of that modern speech compared with which the tongue of Johnson is but a slight departure from the tongue of Hengest and Cerdic? No; we always felt sure that nobody had always spoken in the grand style—that there must have been a time when its most successful professors talked plain English like other children. Our puzzle was to know at what later stage of life the great acquisition was made. We think that we have at last solved the mystery. We have found out that there exists, through the length and breadth of the land, a powerful agency for the diffusion of the grand style, of which before we had but very faint notions indeed.

Now who are the people who use this strange jargon? The scholar never uses it—the peasant never uses it—unless when either scholar or peasant has, as sometimes happens, been exposed to those evil communications which corrupt good language as well as good manners. If a big meaningless word comes out of the mouth either of a really educated or of a wholly uneducated man, we at once feel it to be out of place. But in the speech and the writings of the vast half-educated class this vile jargon is what we naturally look for. A ploughman speaks plain English because he never learned anything else. A scholar speaks plain English because his good taste tells him that it is the best language to speak. But your commercial gentleman, your literary gentleman, we fear we must sometimes add your agricultural gentleman, will not stoop to plain English, because he thinks it is ungenteel. Now where did he learn to think it is ungenteel? This is what has always puzzled us, and now at last we think we have found it out.

Education seems just now to be dividing pretty nearly our whole attention with iron-clad ships. The words "Revised Code," which, to a plain man, might suggest the idea that some Tribonian had been sitting upon the whole mass of the Laws of England, has somehow become the stock-phrase to express certain regulations about schools, mainly of the humblest class. On the other hand, we send out Royal Commissions to look up every detail of the Universities and the highest class of grammar-schools. We thus take care of the two ends, and leave the middle to take care of itself. And the middle does take care of itself, and in a very queer way too. There are a multitude of schools scattered up and down the land, which no Revised Code and no Royal Commission can ever touch. They are the schools which bring up the great class in which our present constitution vests the main political power. That this class is the worst taught of all classes, we have long had a dim notion. In no class is the evil against which Socrates strove, "the conceit of knowledge without the reality," so abundant at every corner. And we need not add that this class—the class which despises the National School, and which does not aspire to the public school and the University—is the class of all others among which the grand style, the high-polite style, flourishes as its natural speech.

There is no law in England which hinders any man who likes from calling himself a schoolmaster, or any woman who likes from calling herself a schoolmistress. Or, if there be any such law, at all events it is not over rigidly enforced. Therefore every man who has broken down at all other trades, sets up an Academy for Young Gentlemen. Therefore every widow or old maid who wants to turn a penny, and knows no other way to turn it, sets up an Establishment for Young Ladies. School-keeping, in short, is the one profession open to everybody—the one calling in which no sort of qualification is needful. Even Margeites—we think it was Margeites—to whom the gods had not given wit enough to dig or to guide the plough, might have driven a roaring trade as Principal of a Commercial and Agricultural Academy. We are not going to examine, for we confess our incapacity, into the technical instruction which may be given to the commercial and agricultural young gentlemen, or into the elegant accomplishments which are brought home by the commercial and agricultural young ladies. But accident has put into our hands some specimens of the sort of books in the department of general literature which are employed as food for the minds of those young gentlemen and young ladies for whom the National School is looked down upon as not genteel enough. The books are, to our taste, very curious in themselves, and they become still more so if we are right in looking on them as the true nurseries of the magnificent style of our penny-a-liners.

We have now before us the 235th edition—one is inclined to bow down before the golden calf of literature on copying such a figure—the 235th edition of the *Etymological Spelling-Book and Expositor; an Introduction to the Spelling, Pronunciation, and Derivation of the English Language*. The fortunate author, who bears the not inappropriate name of Butter, has not, however, by any means confined his labours to philology. He has dabbled pretty largely in what are thought to be the more exact sciences; for, besides the 235 editions of the *Etymological Spelling-Book*, Mr. Butter has put forth *Tangible Arithmetic and Geometry for Children*, and *The Dissected Trinomial Cube*. We have not the faintest notion what these things may be like; but it is comforting to hear that "by an improvement in the mode of manufacture," Mr. Butter "has been enabled to reduce their prices to less than half what they formerly were." And we have Mr. Butter's own word for it, that by those "who are induced to examine them," "it will be found that he has happily succeeded in blending sound instruction with never-failing delight." A man

whose books go through 235 editions has won a fair right to praise himself, so we are not surprised to find that Mr. Butter has a pretty good opinion of his own etymological powers:—

It is not for me to judge what others may think of the etymological matter of this work, which forms Part III. and occupies more than half the book, and from which it derives its distinguishing name. I can only say that I think it far surpasses, in importance and practical utility, anything that is to be found in other Spelling Books.

To be sure, this piece of self-praise was written in 1829; but the other piece of self-praise is as recent as 1854, while the 235th edition bears the date of 1860, and we find the book used in 1862.

Now the main object of Mr. Butter's etymology is to fill children's heads with long Latin and Greek words, with Latin and French phrases, and generally with the whole jargon of the grand style. "Derivation" is by Mr. Butter, according to his own account, "first presented in a usable form." Till Mr. Butter arose, "the gratification in tracing a word up to its primitive" was an "advantage chiefly confined to those who possessed some knowledge of Latin." Mr. Butter's fashion of doing business is on this wise. First, he goes through pages of long words, such as "phlebotomy," "masticatory," "coadjuvancy," "septentrionalty," "circumgyration," "inamorato," "calamanco," and "sarsaparilla." All these the unlucky pupil has to learn by heart and spell, syllable by syllable, without any hint of their meaning or lack of meaning. Then come "Synonymous Words," some of them very queer—"Irregular Verbs," that is, all those which have the good luck to retain the strong form in the past tense—"Opposites," "Correlatives," "Trines," and "Quaternions." Examples of "Trines" are, "Son, Husband, Father"—"Red, Yellow, Blue"—"Knowledge, Intelligence, Wisdom"—"Literature, Science, Art." Examples of "Quaternions" are "Point, Line, Surface, Solid"—"Europe, Asia, Africa, America"—"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John." After a good deal more curious matter, we reach the strictly etymological part. We must allow that Mr. Butter does tell his pupils that "the foundation of the English language" is what he is pleased to call the "Saxon;" and after several lists of Latin terminations, he throws in a few "Saxon" terminations also. But the main substance of Mr. Butter's etymology consists of long strings of Latin words, with their English derivatives. Sometimes the definitions are odd—sometimes the derivations are odd also. But the grouping is the funny thing. Under *Cura*, for instance, we have *Cure*, *Curable*, *Curate*, *Curacy*, *Curious*, *Incurious*, *Curiosity*, *Accurate*, *Accuracy*, *Procure*, *Security*, *Secure*. Under *Ducere* we have *Duke*, *Ductile*, *Abduction*, *Abduce*, *Conduct*, *Conduct*, *Conduce*, *Conduit*, *Deduct*, *Deduce*, *Education*, &c. &c. All these have definitions, often queer enough, but there is no attempt made to explain the history of the word—no attempt to explain the derivation of both halves of a compound word. No distinction is made between those Norman settlers which, after ages of naturalization, no one feels to be strangers, and the merest technical importations of the last two or three centuries. Once or twice perfectly good Teutonic words, like *time*, have got set down as "derived" from their Latin cognates. Then follows a list of Greek derivatives, many of them of the most wonderful sort—such as *Hydragogues*, *Aphilanthropy*, *Autoptical*, *Orthodromy*, *Nomothetical*, *Polylogy*, *Ectype*, and finally *Alectoromachy*, of which last we may literally say that it "beats cock-fighting."

Many of Mr. Butter's pretended Greek derivations are quite wrong—to *urge*, for instance, from *ἵππον*; but that is not our point. The real objection is to cramming boys and girls with these absurd words, many of which are not strictly words at all, but the merest technicalities of particular sciences. The natural tendency is to make them forget or despise the real genuine English tongue. Nay, Mr. Butter goes a step farther. He has a royal road for seeming to know Latin and French without having learned them. He treats us to several pages of Latin and French words and phrases, by a discreet use of which a man might, with very little trouble, throw an air of no small scholarship over his speech and writings. In the case of the French, even the pronunciation is obligingly given. But whether anybody will pass for a Frenchman on the strength of pronouncing *Restaurateur*, *Re staur ah tehr*, or *Je ne sais qui*, *Zhehn say quaw*, we have some slight doubts.

We have a good deal more to say about the books used in these middle-class schools, and we may perhaps look at them again another day. But Mr. Butter stands out first and foremost. We cannot help thinking that in the 235 editions of his spelling-book we have found the genuine source of the fine writing of the age. Let us suppose a cleverish lad who drew his first notions of English literature and English etymology under the inspiration of Mr. Butter. He would have learned the cardinal rule of using a long word rather than a short word, a Latin word rather than a Teutonic word, and the other cardinal rule of affecting smartness and scholarship by larding as many sentences as possible with phrases in other languages. He has thus made the first and most important steps towards the practice of the grand style. Let us then suppose that, to the great groundwork of Butter, he gradually adds a superficial knowledge of several languages and several subjects—that he picks up the formulae of some profession or of some public employment—that he contrives to scrape together a fair outward show of cleverness and general information—and we get the highest development of the system of which Mr. Butter lays the foundation. We suspect that many of the first writers of the age were in their earlier years fed upon Butter. A full-grown disciple of Butter, if he took to smart general writing, would be just the man to think it very fine to say that a drunken man was "in the plenitude of alcohol." If he took to politics and contrived to get into the outskirts of the political world, he would think it

wonderfully clever to shake his head with Imperial gravity and say that "the destinies of the American people will be fulfilled." If to his other accomplishments he added a smattering of French, and on the strength of it took to translating French books, he would think it no more than his duty to his author to expand such a paltry pair of words as *ceci fait* into the sonorous and truly Butterian dignity of "when these preliminaries are terminated."

Mr. Butter, if he made decent terms with his publishers, must be a wealthy man. The author of a 235th edition is a being to whom we look up with a sort of breathless reverence. But, any how, he ought to be a proud and happy man, the true father and founder of the rhetoric of his age.

SOLDIERS' HOMES.

IT may, with some approach to accuracy, be said that blue books increase in value in inverse proportion to their density. Given the volume and mass of a blue book, and its usefulness may be inferred. The larger it is, the more unsubstantial it is for all practical purposes. In the Fly-sheets of Parliament—those light and airy productions which flutter about in the same shape as the Votes—there is often much that is valuable. We have lately received a Parliamentary paper which has not attained to the dignity of a blue cover, and which purports to be a return moved for by Sir H. Verney and Captain Jervis, of an importance far exceeding its length. It contains "Two Reports by Captain Pilkington Jackson on the present state of Soldiers' Institutes in England, and especially on the Soldiers' Institutes at Aldershot and Portsmouth;" and the title promises "A Report of General Eyre's Commission on Libraries, Day and Reading Rooms for Soldiers." Captain Jackson was commissioned by that eminent soldier's friend, the late Lord Herbert, to inquire so far into the moral and social condition of the troops at Aldershot as to ascertain whether it was desirable to establish a Soldiers' Home at that famous camp, and also to examine the condition of the small institution already existing at Portsmouth. General Eyre's report may possibly claim attention on a future occasion, but at present we confine ourselves to the two important papers furnished to the War Office by Captain Jackson.

There has of late years grown up a large and general feeling that what are called the neglected classes are best dealt with in their corporate capacity. Mechanics' Institutes were the first attempt in this direction, but now the movement has become more systematised and definite. In all such matters there is, perhaps, a tinge of danger in isolating any class. We hardly see that either soldiers, or cabmen, or shoeblacks, or letter-carriers require to be dealt with as a special class; or that the community consists of so many separate streams of life which are never to mix in the great ocean of society. But still it is not to be denied that desultory efforts to cope with society in general are powerless, as compared with condensed grappling with its several sections. There is a natural tendency in men to receive good or evil impressions more strongly as bodies than as single persons. If this is so as regards mankind generally, the truth is still clearer when applied to soldiers. Soldiers are accustomed all their life to act in a large body; and, with them, personality is all but merged in an army. We have somewhere in London a Cabmen's Club; a popular book has shown what even a woman can do towards humanising and civilising the navvies; and another lady has proved of what value night-schools are towards cultivating and softening that most untractable of all animals—the loutish boy-labourer of an agricultural village. But in that quarter where, from the habits of daily life and the constant necessity of acting together, as is the case with soldiers, it might have been hoped that most would have been done by the cooperative principle, the least good has at present been effected. It seems to be the fact that soldiers in camp and barracks are the most dissolute and worthless class of society. Discipline prevents them from being absolutely the most dangerous of the dangerous classes outside their own borders; but, though they do not prey upon society, they prey upon themselves. Vice, profligacy, idleness, debauchery, and disease are kept within the camp and the barrack, but there they reign supreme. No doubt it will be always impossible to make a camp the chosen home of chastity and temperance. Men who, in the strength and vigour of their age, are shut out from all family ties, and from the restraints of public opinion, will not, under any circumstances, form a model home. It is no new thing—and it will never be a strange thing—that camp followers are only panders to iniquity; but, though the evil may be ineradicable, there is no reason that we should not try to control what we cannot hope to prohibit.

The proverb says that idleness is the root of all evil. In Aldershot at least two-thirds of the men have five hours of daily idleness—flat, sterile, blank, unprofitable idleness. We know as well as Dr. Watts who finds work for idle hands; but we did not know, till Captain Jackson told us, how large was the employment furnished by the Father of Evil to the British soldier on that very spot which is the most important to the British army, because nearly all the troops pass through the place in turn. The details are nauseous enough, but it is well that they are placed on record. For the five years ending with 1860, the hospital returns show that, out of every 1000 men passing through Aldershot, the proportion of those who were admitted to medical treatment for diseases incident to that debauchery which most prevails in camp life, was respectively 290, 453, 282, 467, and 332. That is to say, more than one-third of our common soldiers are proved, on indisputable authority, to lead that life which "saps gradually their health, induces early debility, and hastens a premature death," to use Captain Jackson's words. This is his re-

port on Aldershot—"the new part of which is inhabited principally by publicans, brothel-keepers, prostitutes, thieves, and receivers of stolen property." The evil is one with which the military authorities are of course chary of interfering, and which the parochial authorities are said absolutely to decline to deal with, because the vice of the place enriches the people of the place. This statement of Captain Jackson has brought down upon him an indignation meeting at Aldershot; but the speeches at that meeting seem very remarkably to confirm his statements. Aldershot is not, perhaps, worse than any other town in which there is absolutely no provision for a population which is, from the nature of the case, exceptionally idle and ignorant. The only serious charge against the parish—that of declining to prosecute certain brothel-keepers—we do not observe that any speaker attempted to confute.

We are not going to suggest anything—though, were this the place, we might have something to suggest—on the absolute necessity of dealing officially, by means of a sanitary police, as every other country does with debauchery of this sort. Sooner or later, a medical police must be established, at least in garrison towns; but so long as it is the English rule to affect to be ignorant of the most important of sanitary facts and social evils, we must confine ourselves to attempt some counter attraction to the gin-shop and the brothel. This is all that the Soldiers' Home proposes as its aim. The Soldiers' Home only competes with the prostitute and the crimp. It leaves to other agencies the higher task of reformation—its simple purpose is to prevent, in some degree, immorality; and its machinery is modelled on club life. A Soldiers' Home in its completeness proposes to be a building with writing-rooms, billiard, chess, and bagatelle rooms, work rooms, refreshment rooms, and where possible—and they ought always to be possible—grounds for quoits, skittles, and athletic games. This is the material institution, and it seeks to be counted among moral agencies by the use of musical and other evening entertainments, lectures, choral singing, conjuring, and the lesser sorts of dramatic entertainment. Intoxicating liquors are to be excluded from the club-house; and the moral intoxication of discussion on matters military, religious, and political is to be excluded from the lecture hall. It is proposed to make these institutions nearly self-supporting by a subscription of 2d. or 4d. a month from the common soldiers, to whom are to be assigned, in the shape of a committee, certain powers of self-management under superior control; and the Government is asked to supply the buildings, and probably to furnish some grant in aid. All this is simple enough, and it would generally recommend itself on the mere announcement.

Something of the sort has been tried by private benevolence and enterprise at Portsmouth; but, except as a hint that the thing is possible, hitherto a Soldier's Home has been a failure. The existing institution at Portsmouth, on which Captain Jackson reports, is a private one, attempted by zealous persons of marked religious views. The manager is a Scripture Reader, and the *Record* stands prominent in the scanty list of entertaining literature offered to the soldier. The buildings are shabby and untidy, and not more than fifty men have been found to use it—the fifty being already serious and well-conducted men. Now it is obvious that, without disparaging the zeal of the promoters of this institution, it does not meet the real want. It is one thing, and a great thing, to keep good men good, and to offer them a Zoar to flee into from the Sodom and Gomorrah which is seething around them; but we want a larger aim than this. We want to keep the inexperienced from corruption, and to arrest the careless and intemperate in the full swing of vice and ruin. When the *Record* competes with the public-house, we fear that the odds are against the higher attractions. No doubt Soldiers' Homes of the most perfect description, and with all the appliances which Captain Jackson asks for, will very often, and perhaps most frequently, be beaten in the competition with flaunting vice; but there can be no question that these suggestions start on the right track. Soldiers, after all, are but as other men. The great mass of mankind is neither decidedly pious nor filthily wicked. Between those outer zones in which respectively the *Record* and the brothel present the strongest attractions, is that vast and more temperate debatable land on which lies the huge level of general society. It is here that the Soldier's Home is proposed to be erected, and with a modest hope of mitigating an evil which it does not assume to be capable of extirpating.

No doubt, soldiers present special obstacles to the success of such an institution as we have described. A Soldiers' Home presupposes a certain amount of cultivation and some sort of sense of refinement. But raw recruits are all but universally the scourgings of society. The young soldier is generally a *mauvais sujet* to begin with. He has been long enough away from school to forget its habits, and he is at that very age in which it is almost natural to revel in the first freedom from control. Had he already formed habits of sobriety and decency, the chances are that he would not have listened to the recruiting sergeant. Lectures and reading rooms are not suited to the natural soldier. He must have passed out of the normal and unregenerate state to appreciate them. At least such would be the condition of the majority. But, on the other hand, the soldier is essentially an imitative animal. He flies to vice from the contagion of example; and the habits of military life conduce to foster the gregarious spirit. If it were once to become the fashion to frequent the Home instead of the canteen and darker haunts, the recruit would follow the lead, just as he obeys his drill-sergeant. Mechanical discipline would help him to become decent, if decency were the rule. At present, it is hardly the private's interest to be respectable. Nor is it quite Utopian to hope that, if the army were once made a respectable

calling, we might recruit it from classes in advance alike in intelligence, education, and morality of those who now furnish the raw materials of soldiering. At any rate, upon the lowest grounds, the experiment is worth trying. The cost of establishing these Soldiers' Homes would be repaid in the health of the men; for, after all, the Home is cheaper than the Hospital. If, as is calculated, a soldier costs us 100*l.* a year, it is worth something to keep him in good health. The brothel and the gin-shop cost the country a good deal more than a billiard-room, or a quoit-ground; and there can be no question that, upon economical considerations, gin is more expensive than cricket.

INVALIDS.

SOCIAL miseries are not very acute in their nature, but, like the bites of midges, they make up for their minuteness by their quantity; and after they have been repeated a sufficient number of times, they often create quite as large a sum of suffering as would result from one very serious calamity. Moreover, there is an excitement about a large sorrow which sensibly mitigates its pain. A man may not exactly confess to himself that the notice which he receives after some great bereavement is pleasant; but the flurry and bustle of receiving condolence, and of making new arrangements, do nevertheless dull the edge of his suffering. People talk of all the circumstances of a great sorrow with a pertinacity which shows that there is some balm in the operation; just as the poor indemnify themselves for an abscess or a broken limb by the pleasure of showing the place to every one who comes to see them. But there is no set-off of this kind to the petty miseries of daily life. They raise no excitement, they give no importance, they furnish no materials for a gossip with a friend. Each of them, at the time it inflicts its minute puncture, brings with it the provoking suggestion that it is too paltry a matter for a man to annoy himself about; and the vexation is only aggravated by the shame which the sufferer feels in thinking over it. A person who is sensitive to the petty annoyances of daily intercourse will soon accumulate for himself a good fund of misery in this way. If a man's memory could reach back so accurately that he could count up all the minutes of mental pain he had endured in his life, he would probably find that a very small number of them comparatively were traceable to causes which could be dignified with the name of sorrow or misfortune; and by far the larger proportion would be due to sufferings so petty that he would be ashamed to put them into words.

Invalids are among the greatest sufferers in this category. Of course their physical condition sharpens every little sting they undergo, by giving a preternatural sensitiveness to their power of suffering. But over and above this, they have social wrongs of their own, to which they only are exposed. A really sick man is not so much a subject of compassion. His condition is recognised and allowed for. Every one is ill sometimes, and knows by his own experience the helplessness and the depression which illness causes. A sick man, therefore, has his privileges. He is allowed to be dull and quiet—not to enjoy violent exercise or uproarious games—to be careful about his food, and the amount of exertion on which he ventures. But in order to enjoy these immunities and exemptions, he must have something palpable to show that he is a sick man, and has a right to them. A broken limb, or any bodily wound visible to the eye, is an indisputable charter to social freedom. Then there are certain conventional forms of illness which are privileged. Nobody disputes a man's right to have rheumatism, or gout, or even a bad sick headache. Any ailment which forces you to keep your bed, is presumed to be genuine; and very tolerant persons believe in the existence of consumption. But this is the limit beyond which toleration is not allowed to go. In every kind of ill-health which is not expressed by some term well known to the popular vocabulary, society—or at least the robust portion of it—utterly refuses to believe. No man in good health will listen to the suggestion that there can be delicacy without illness, weakness and depression of nerves without absolute disease, and a necessity for care even in the absence of fatal symptoms.

There is no bigotry in existence so complacent, so absolutely self-satisfied, as the bigotry of robustness. It looks on the professing invalid either as a hypocrite of the basest kind, or else as the victim of a strange delusion, which it is the mission of the robust person to dispel, by gentle remonstrance, if possible, or, if that be unavailing, by taunts, importunities, and rough practical jokes. It is not unnatural that the robust should regard the invalid with contemptuous unbelief. Such a sceptical attitude of mind conveys with it several very consolatory and complacent reflections to the robust man himself. There would be little gratifying in the belief that while nature had given him a strong nervous system, she had denied it to his friend. But it is very pleasant for him to reflect that his superior condition is entirely owing to his own greater energy and firmer will, and that his friend would be quite as strong "if he would only just try and exert himself a little." Thus his friend's condition becomes a perpetual homily of self-applause to him, and he feels that he can never dwell with too much attention and thankfulness on so gratifying a state of things.

The invalid's tormentors are of various kinds. The sporting or muscular friend is a very severe trial. He fervently and solemnly believes a day's hunting to be a panacea for the cure of every human ill. He assures the invalid that he has often felt

just as bad as he does. It was nothing but a fit of the blues caused by having to stay moping at home in frosty weather. But a day after the hounds cured it like magic; and if his friend will only take his advice and just try it—&c., &c. It is in vain that the poor invalid suggests that he could not ride for eight hours to save his life, and that the sight of the hounds on the other side of a bullfinch would inspire him with no other emotion than that of abject terror. His sporting friend only leaves him with an imprecatory lamentation that there should be such wilful suicides in the world. But at least he recognizes the invalid's right to kill himself, if he chooses, by valetudinarian precautions. He is a light affliction compared to the jolly friend. Jolly people are bigots and proselytists of the first water. They look upon themselves as a society for the propagation of animal spirits, and are perfectly ready to hurl any number of anathemas at the deadly heresy of depression. In this capacity of missionaries of jollity, they quite understand that "constraining" is part of a missionary's duties. *Pro salute animæ*, they insist on every one else being jolly, or at least conforming outwardly to the rites and ceremonies of hilarity. Like all persecutors, they make a great number of hypocrites; and the uproarious gaiety into which they dragoon their friends only conceals an *ennui* bordering on desperation. The average of mankind, at least in England, are not naturally merry; and their tendency to that condition of mind is by no means increased when they find themselves under a kind of social conscription, and are impressed to join in dance, round game, or *petit jeu*, whether they like it or no. But the invalid is the great sufferer under this pitiless tyranny. His jolly friend regards his hangdog expression of countenance and listless movements as a kind of social treason—a crime of *lèse-rire* which cannot be too promptly punished. And, like all the rest of the robust world, he looks on it with utter scepticism, as the result, half of shamming, half of imagination. More and more gaiety is, in his belief, the only cure. His view of the case is summed up in the words, "He only wants a little rousing." The row-dreading invalid is to be treated as they used to treat patients in hydrophobia—made to drink, at all risks, of that which he abhors. Accordingly the jolly man forces his luckless friend into a country dance, shoves him hither and thither in a game of blindman's buff, or some other genial orgy of the kind, thrusts his fingers into the snapdragon, and his nose into the bullet-pudding, ends by encouraging the children to upset the flour on his head, and then, in a cheerful voice, expresses a hope that they may pass many such happy Christmases together. The invalid slinks away to bed with unsanctified wishes in his heart upon the subject of that venerable festival.

But there is a worse trial to the invalid even than the jolly friend; and that is the sympathizing friend, who gives him useful pieces of advice. He fully believes in his friend's ill-health, but he is absolutely certain that he can cure him, if his friend will only adopt his treatment. Sometimes the sympathetic man has a glimmering knowledge of medicine—in which case he is sure to have a favourite disease and a favourite plan for curing it. Everything is either stomach, or chest, or suppressed gout, and is to be cured by some pet modification of homœopathy or hydropathy, or some other new invention ending (most appositely) in "pathy." If the sympathizer be a lady, she pronounces the disease to be nerves, and assures her visitor that the only cure for it is a mixture prepared from a receipt of her mother's. Dear Mr. —, the village apothecary, makes it up so nicely, and she will order in a pint bottle of it at once. Male sympathizers, however, ordinarily have no inclination to recommend any medical treatment. "Don't you mind what the doctors say, sir; take my word for it, they're all humbugs," is the commoner form of prescription. According to friends of this stamp, the invalid has nothing the matter with him, except that he is "a cup below par." He is exhorted, therefore, to drink twice as much port and eat twice as much meat as anybody else at the table—the impression apparently being, that, just as you can make punch stronger by adding more rum, so you can make a man stronger by adding more beef and wine. There is no harm of course in all this advice, abstractedly considered. One might even go farther, and say that it is a convenient contrivance for keeping up the conversation, and deferring the inevitable pause which must come when the weather and the state of the roads is exhausted. But the cruel thing is, that all these advisers look upon it as a personal affront if the unhappy invalid does not act upon their advice. There is no escape for him therefore, especially in the case in which he is advised to over-eat himself. The homœopathy he may put in his pocket; his hostess's pint of mixture he may pour secretly into his tub; but the beef and the port wine are not to be eluded. The awful alternative between discourtesy and dyspepsia stares him in the face. It is well for him if he escapes from the ordeal without a temporary promotion into the ranks of acknowledged and privileged sickness. On the whole, therefore, the invalid is happier where he is bullied than where he is petted. If he be judicious, he will prefer even the open persecution of his muscular or jolly friends to the dangerous benevolence of a sympathizing believer in the healing virtues of repletion.

THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

THERE seems to be a general sense, by which we mean something felt rather than expressed or capable of being analysed, of anticipated bore about the Great Exhibition of 1862. Why it is so it might be worth while to inquire, though the inquiry would

not be easy; but for the fact itself we appeal to the general consciousness. Something is to be attributed to the single consideration that it is a repetition of a success. Few remarkable successes will bear repetition; for the element of surprise and unexpectedness is a charm which can scarcely be reproduced. A very admirable dinner takes place, the guests are charmed with each other, wine and wit flow in equal streams; and the first and most natural thought is to repeat it. It is repeated, and turns out a dead failure. Who ever thought, or can endure the thought, of a succession of pic-nics, or of those delightful passages of wit and divine talk in which everybody shone? The bloom and relish of them is in their novelty, and this is an evanescent quality.

Then, again, we shall miss in the coming Exhibition the presence of that commanding mind which moved, like a higher intelligence, controlling and directing everything—the more powerful and influential because the less seen, and to which so much of the success of 1851 was owing. *Spiritus intus alit.* The great Prince is taken away from us. One in whom everybody felt confidence, not only by reason of his station, but because he really was the master mind of the whole undertaking, is now represented by nobody exactly knows who. *In generalibus latet* we all know what; and we are referred to the Royal Commissioners. The title is sonorous, but who are the Royal Commissioners? In 1851, the Commission for managing the Exhibition was a very large body. In 1862, "five noblemen and gentlemen," so the official account tells us, "have been appointed under the patent of incorporation, upon whom devolves the entire responsibility, and in whose hands will rest the entire direction of the Exhibition of 1862, viz., Lord Granville, the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, and Mr.—now Sir—Wentworth Dilke." Ministers of State, noblemen, and merchants have other calls and duties. Does the present Exhibition really represent much more than the last of the Barons? The contrast between the executive of 1851 and that of 1862 does not perhaps justify, but it accounts for, something of the difference of enthusiasm with which the two undertakings are viewed.

Again, eleven years ago, we all formed very extravagant notions of what an International Exhibition was to do. Very sanguine persons told us that it was to inaugurate, if not the Millennium, yet a very substantial Empire of Peace. A decennium of almost perpetual war, and the disruption of a Continent, have rudely disenchanted us all. The nations of the earth will enter Capt. Fowkes's great shed on the 1st of May all but armed to the teeth. The most popular thing which we hope to see there is the section of the *Warrior* in a reduced model, and the curiosity of all our visitors will centre on the actual plate which was shivered and splintered the other day at Shoeburyness. The malachite doors, which were sent us in 1851 from Russia, will probably be replaced by a view of Sebastopol after the bombardment; and if the great American Eagle, which flaunted over the goshes and penny newspaper stalls at Kensington, reappears at Brompton, it will be over a scanty collection of industrial products, the interest of which will fail if they come into competition with a Dahlgren gun or a model of Captain Ericsson's floating-battery.

But this is not all. Not only will the presence of that one commodity for which, at the present moment, every civilized nation submits to be taxed almost to the death-thraw—we mean the *materiel* of war—unpleasantly recall the total failure of that inauguration of the Empire of Peace which we were promised as the certain result of Great Exhibitions, but we have learned from experience to moderate our expectations in another direction. In 1851, sanguine minds anticipated a total revolution in the realms of art and taste. But while science travels with headlong speed, it takes centuries to create taste, and centuries to destroy the ingrained superstitions of bad fashions. In the whole range of art manufacture, where we prophesied a complete and sudden advance of light and life, we have not succeeded in diffusing a total change, or in making, except in special departments, any very great advances. We have, it is true, succeeded in producing very beautiful things, but the old ugly things maintain their ground with a perverse tenacity of popularity. We have side by side, and with equal hold upon the market, the hideous and the beautiful. As of old, the tree is of good and evil. Perhaps, in what is called ceramic ware, the good seed has choked the evil corn, and it is now scarcely possible to get very bad crockery and glass in England. The willow pattern plate was selected by universal consent as the type of what ought to be proscribed, and it is delivered over to death. It is now nearly as scarce as the Gubbio ware. Here is a solid, but almost a solitary, triumph. But it would be difficult to register a complete success, except in this single branch of art manufacture. Our cabinet ware, our iron manufactures, our silks and muslins, and ribbons, and prints, and carpets, and curtains are good and bad as in the ancient days before International Exhibitions. Manchester sends out just as bad things as ever, if it sends out better things than ever. So it is with Sheffield and Birmingham, and Paris too. And the people love to have it so. Our women are better and worse dressed, our houses better and as badly furnished—our shops exhibit the same desperate confusion of things abominable and things excellent. We have learned from a sad experience where we can and where we cannot drive the popular mind. What comes of all this is that we enter upon another trial, which is no longer an experiment, with some hope, yet with a certain misgiving, if not a reckoning on much disappointment. That manufacturers will, to the end of the chapter, make what they are certain to sell, must be our sober conviction. On the whole, these considerations account, to some extent, for the fact that

the keen edge of enthusiasm for great exhibitions is dull. We hardly look at our coming Floralia as more than a trading speculation and rivalry in shops.

In the teeth of this head-wind, the official personages interested in the success of the Exhibition row through what, in boating language, is called lumpy water, with considerable energy and with much mercantile sharpness. They are resolved to force some enthusiasm on the dull acquiescence of the public. They have provided something like a sensation opening. Her Majesty has made a wise selection in the choice of the great official representatives of Church and State to supply that void which will only be more apparent from the efforts that are made to fill it. If the demon Podagra spares the two great political leaders on whom he has of late laid an equal hand, everybody will be pleased to see Lords Palmerston and Derby in those places in which not only common consent but universal choice would have placed them. The religious element will be decently represented by an octogenarian Primate; and what is not heard of his Grace's prayer will be supplemented by something noisy enough in Signor Verdi's grand overture and the vocal portion of the entertainment. In another department of the scenic proprieties there has been less of tact or of success. Great people, and official people, and representative men, and distinguished foreigners have been plentifully invited, but on the awkward understanding, awkwardly implied because it could hardly be expressed, that they must first buy a season ticket—a shabby proceeding, akin to that lavish hospitality which asks a man to dinner, expecting him to send in his own side dishes and wine. This looks very like investing in celebrities, and royalties, and notabilities; and the ill-advised suggestion to hire an Emperor for this day only has been met with the rebuff which a little common sense, if not common decency, might have anticipated. As it is, we must put up with the second-magnitude stars. The Prince of Carignano will doubtless come, and Prince Napoleon has, the enterprising managers hope, already executed articles of engagement. If the Japanese Ambassadors stay over May-day, as it is not likely they will yet conform to the European costume, the success of the day will be mainly attributable to this Oriental gaud. Already, the requirement of official dress has been partially withdrawn, and the intention to separate the sexes has been abandoned. A little tilt of etiquette between the Commissioners and the Common Councilmen has been arranged, though not without dishonour to the Commissioners. With culpable ignorance of municipal traditions, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, civic officials, and Common Council were invited; whereas the legal title is the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council. The gentlemen of the violet robe took high dudgeon, and sent back the invitation with superb disdain. But two minutes' talk between Mr. Lowman Taylor, citizen and stove-grate maker, and Sir Wentworth Dilke, settled this knotty question, and the civic officials are not to be invited—which, considering that they were only asked because they usually wear eccentric costumes on state occasions, was but a small compliment after all. As it is, the opening procession will be shorn of that wonderful personage in a hairy cap, and the non-natural man in buckskins and a jockey cap, who swell the Lord Mayor's personnel, and who, some years ago, created so lively an impression on the Parisians. But official costume is still invited, if not compelled; and it has been wickedly suggested that at least one costume, from time immemorial connected with May-day—that of the chimney-sweepers—will come decidedly within the regulation dress. We shall miss the Chinaman who did such service in 1851, but if the Commissioners are not chary in their invitations, there are still celebrities whose official dress might create some variety in the clerical and volunteer uniforms, which after all will do little in the way of colour. The Far West may supplement any Oriental deficiencies, and if Deerfoot can be brought out in that costume in which he runs his foot-races we shall hardly miss our old Chinese friend. Léotard *au naturel*, as he is to be seen in the photographs, will form a decided contrast to the voluminous sway of crinoline, and if Sir Wentworth Dilke—who, according to Mr. Lowman Taylor's account, can settle anything in connexion with the Exhibition—is only timely wise, he will remember that Heralds are not extinct; and as the Speaker of the House of Commons is himself a Commissioner appointed by the Crown to open the great show, we shall be certain to have at least one costume which will make an impression never to be effaced from the recollection of our Japanese guests. But the Speaker's state wig is a subject too awful for other feelings than that of respectful and mute admiration.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE University Boat-race appeared a foregone conclusion from the day when the weights were published. The result of this contest proves that for a boat-race, as well as for some other purposes, "a good big man is better than a good little one." We say for some purposes, but not by any means for all. Thus, for cavalry service in future wars, where so much will depend on speed, we think the superiority of the good little man is undeniable. For infantry service also, it appears to us that, on the whole, the good little man is preferable, inasmuch as, in general, he is quicker and bears fatigue better than the good big man. But if it came to hand-to-hand fighting, either with the weapons of the battle-field or of the prize-ring, our confidence would be given to size and weight. It is true, indeed, that Heenan did not beat Sayers; but if any other man of the dimensions of Sayers, and of even slightly inferior

skill, should venture to repeat the bold experiment which he made, we fear that the result would be disastrous. Nevertheless, a very good little man who made a match with Heenan would, in all probability, find backers, just as the beautiful rowing of the Cambridge crew last week procured for them an amount of confidence which appeared to us before-hand surprising, and which the event showed to be mistaken. The truth is, that a boat-race is a contest of combined strength and skill, in which the former quality is of at least equal importance with the latter. The total difference in weight between the two crews was within a pound or two of seven stone, and the average difference was, as nearly as possible, twelve pounds. In the face of such a disadvantage, there must have been very great excellence in the style of the Cambridge rowing before the match, or else they could not have obtained the encouraging opinions which were expressed of them by experienced critics. At one time they were slightly favourites in the betting, and on the morning of the race the preference for Oxford was very small. In our own judgment, Cambridge had, as nearly as possible, no chance of winning, but this judgment was opposed to that of many competent observers of the proceedings of the previous week. We thought that Oxford ought to win, and she did win easily. We thought also that Cambridge rowed in better style than Oxford, at least in the middle part of the race; but there was in the Oxford rowing a facility and almost superabundant power which is quite as pleasing to the eye as finished elegance, while it undeniably gets a boat faster through the water.

Of course it is always matter of regret to all spectators, and even more so to the winning crew, that victory should be cheaply gained. This is the second year that an Oxford boat has passed under Hammersmith Bridge with a lead that was decisive of the race. But on this occasion Cambridge had nothing to regret, whereas last year her friends could not help feeling that she had not done her best. It happened this year, from various causes, that her good big men could not be had, and so she was obliged to trust to her good little ones. There was nothing whatever to complain of, except this inevitable want of weight. The style of her rowing received a large amount of impartial praise, and if that style can be kept up, a heavier and equally skilful set of champions may be expected to be forthcoming to maintain her honour in the contest which we hope to see next year. Oxford has been so fortunate as to get hold of a set of men of exactly the right sort. Their skill is quite sufficient for the purpose, and their power is not likely to be surpassed. It was lucky for Cambridge that the weather was only moderately rough. If the day had been as bad as some that the Thames knows in spring, it is impossible to compute the distance by which Oxford must have won. Probably the steam-boats would have done what they did once before, and nearly did last week—that is, they would have swamped the losing boat, and thus prevented the completion of its defeat. The more violent the wind, the better would have been the chance of Oxford; but, on the other hand, we do not believe that the calmest day of the year could have given victory to Cambridge.

The proverbial favour of fortune for the stronger side was shown in the winning by Oxford of the toss for places. With the wind as it then blew, the choice of the Middlesex side of the river was an advantage equal to a start of a boat's length. The final result would have been the same if the places of the boats at starting had been interchanged, but the affair might then have looked rather more like a race. As things were, the question was settled in the first mile. Oxford passed the fleet of steam-boats which were waiting in advance of the starting-point, with more than a boat's length of water clear between herself and her opponent. As Oxford emerged to view from behind one of these steam-boats, and then an interval elapsed before the nose of the Cambridge boat showed itself, the reflection that the race was lost beyond all hope was carried home to the minds of the partisans of Cambridge. And yet under this certainty of defeat, the rowing of Cambridge was so good as to command applause. It seemed to be thought that Oxford was not rowing in equal style, and it is certain that she was not rowing equally hard, but in fact she had all she wanted—a comfortable lead. It appears that Oxford improved in style as she went on; but as she left the bulk of her admirers far astern, the best part of her performance was probably less appreciated than it deserved. The interest of the race being at an end, attention was diverted to the steam-boats, which threatened at one time to swamp the Cambridge boat, and at another time to smash one another's sides. Some of these steamers pressed so closely on the Cambridge crew as to destroy any slight hope they might have entertained of a possible improvement in their position. Complaints of this sort of misconduct have been often made, but without effect. We suppose the annoyance will be continued until the senseless perpetrators have driven the University racing-boats from the London water, and thus deprived themselves of a handsome profit, and the metropolis of one of its most joyous spectacles.

The race rowed last week is the nineteenth which the annals of aquatic sport commemorate. The first race was rowed so long ago as 1829, so that the good custom of an annual contest has only established itself after many interruptions, some of which have been attributable to hostility of University authorities, which we venture to hope is now obsolete. The series of races has been unbroken since 1856, and in these seven successive contests Oxford has gained four and Cambridge three victories. Out of the whole number of nineteen contests, the honours of ten belong to Cambridge, and those of the remaining nine to Oxford, so that, after two successive failures, Cambridge has still a majority of one to work upon. There is now no reason to apprehend any break in the series of races, which appear to gain in

popularity every year. Indeed, if anything at all threatens to interfere with the stability of this valuable custom of an annual race, it is the very popularity to which it has attained. How all the crowds of people who want to see the race can see it without damaging the chances of the competitors or risking the lives of the spectators, is a problem of great difficulty. The crowds are almost certain to become more numerous, but it does not appear possible either to pack more steam-boats into the river, or more people into the steam-boats. The desire to see the whole of the race is very natural, and there appear to be only two possible modes of following these fleet boats throughout their course—viz., in a steamboat or on horseback along the bank. A fast and enduring runner might undertake to follow the boats on foot if he did not mind having to jump now and then into the water to get out of the way of his equestrian competitors. A place on board a steam-boat saves trouble, but is not by any means free from risk, as was proved this year by the fall of an Oxford man off the paddle-box of one of the steamers into the water. There were, we believe, many other falls off paddle-boxes, but in all the other cases the descent was accomplished into, instead of outside, the boat. To be dropped into the middle of the Thames on a bitterly cold day, among a dozen or more steamers, all pushing eagerly a-head, is something of a trial to the nerves even of an accomplished swimmer. Luckily, the subject of this experiment could swim quite sufficiently for the purpose, but his promptitude of judgment and action was not likely to be enhanced by a great blow which he got on the head in falling. He rose from his first plunge with blood streaming over his face, but he was seen to be able to take care of himself until help reached him, which it soon did.

Every one who has seen the Oxford crew ashore will feel the justice of Mr. Denman's description of it in his speech after the dinner which was given in honour of the performers by the Thames Subscription Club. It is quite true that the Oxford men had a "powerful, lifeguard-like look," which is undeniably promising in a boat, whatever it may be upon a horse's back. The best proof that they had strength enough and to spare is furnished by the fact that their stroke had slightly sprained one of his wrists, and was obliged to ease the injured part during the race. If there had been strength enough in the Cambridge boat to run their opponents very close, it is possible that this impediment to the Oxford stroke's exertions might have affected the day's fortune. But Oxford could afford to give away a trifle, and still had enough strength left to win the race. When we compared the rival crews to the redoubtable champions of America and England, we did not, of course, mean to imply that the difference between their weights was proportional to that between Heenan and Sayers, but only that the two contests were alike in this—that skill was relied on to counterbalance strength, while in this case it failed to do so, partly because of the inherent efficacy of strength, and partly because that strength was combined with no inconsiderable amount of skill. The Oxford crew was one of which that University may well be proud, and we can only regret that it did not meet antagonists who could have more completely drawn forth its powers. In that case the sight would have been far more interesting, and the task of describing it, even after a dozen other descriptions, would not have been unattractive. But, under the actual circumstances, there really was nothing to describe.

PUGIN REDIVIVUS.

THIS is a season of resuscitations. In anticipation of the exhumed art of a century which the "Dish-covers" of South Kensington will reveal on May-day, West-end galleries have within this month been making the young generation acquainted with the works of two famous artists, very dissimilar in many things, but near akin in their love for, and their successful search after, purity and truth—Flaxman and Pugin. The Flaxman revelation, which was, perhaps, the more striking of the two, considering the many revolutions of politics and art which have taken place since his death, was but a transient auction-room display previous to a hopeless dispersion. The hurried glimpse which 1862 was thus enabled to take of 1812 introduced us to a man, like Pugin, greater in his designs than in his completed works. It also proved that, as we have always maintained, Flaxman, although technically belonging to the classical school, was yet, in spirit and in the effect of his works, an influential pioneer of that recoil from the worn-out and sceptical false civilization of the 18th century to the fresh faith of the present era, of which the Gothic revival is but one, though a conspicuous, feature. The Pugin Gallery is not so evanescent, for it forms an integral portion—and, with all respect for the living, the most interesting one—of the Conduit Street architectural exhibition for 1862, which, but for this special feature, would risk being eclipsed by the superior attractions of that architectural gallery which is to form a portion of the International Exhibition.

Pugin is represented in many forms of his versatile artistic life. He appears in his early sketch books—gorgeous and extensive creations conceived in forms of the latest Gothic compared with which the Palace of Westminster is austere, finished to the minutest details of furniture. He appears also in the outline drawings of old buildings, partly architectural and partly picturesque, and of their various appointments, with which he used to come back laden from his various Continental tours, and in those products of later life—his water-colours of quiet East Kent and Wiltshire landscape—laid on with a quick and decisive pencil which showed that Pugin was a master of colour, not

less than of form. He appears in several of his completed works carefully drawn or engraved from his designs, and in a child's daub executed when he was only eight years old, in which we already see the love for Gothic forms and old-world costume. Still, with all its interest, the Pugin Exhibition is not a complete representation of Pugin as he lived and worked, for it lacks a series of those productions which ought preeminently to be provided when the object is to give the full idea of an architect's mind. We mean his office drawings—those sketches from which the buildings which he erected and did not dream of, became palpable to the contractors. In Pugin's case, his drawings were especially characteristic, not smoothly elaborated by pupils, but roughly, crudely, scratchily dashed off by the master, half in impatience, half in jovial confidence. Pugin, like all men of real genius who descend into the arena, showed two faces according as he dreamed or worked. But, architect as he was, he exposed this duality to a keener and less merciful criticism than if he had been painter, poet, sculptor, or musician, for the arts which those men practise do not deal with thrusts and scantlings. As he said of himself with a bitter truthfulness of self-analysis in his last days, he had lived all his life dreaming of fine things and executing poor things. But the poor things which Pugin threw off were not poor from poverty of invention, but from insufficiency of material to match the imagination. In truth, Pugin—till the strong but unequal body, fretted to decay, had driven him back upon self-contemplation—was unconscious of the defects of the practical side of his work. He was always creating at high fever heat, till the archetype took possession of his excitable imagination, and till the joyous pen-sketch or etching, done in noble contempt of scale, revealed the dominant idea of which the actual fabric was but the feeble counterpart. The working drawings dashed off to suit the paymaster to the left, and Mr. Myers to the right—and still more, the buildings in which those drawings resulted—revealed the hard battle with necessities. Yet Pugin, if he saw the discrepancy, kept up an heroic if not a defiant heart, and hustled out of the patent incongruities, till the premonitions of a premature termination of his active life led to a sad and sudden sobering.

Of course, a more perfect artist or a larger-minded philosopher would have kept up a closer alliance between his ideas and his performances, but it is very probable that such a one would not have made the world after him master of as many legacies as those which the impetuous, abrupt Pugin scattered about. In fact, the original incompleteness of his character was part of its practical value. Pugin came to startle and to pioneer. He is not to be measured by the mouldings, the thicknesses, or the heights of St. George's, Lambeth, or St. Chad's, Birmingham, nor yet by the inequalities of his always telling, though sometimes rough-hewn writings. His preference for the late before the early forms of that Gothic, which was best at its middle date, is as little to be reckoned now in an estimate of his influence. It was the man Pugin—bustling, talking, writing, drawing, and then busting and talking again—that drove home the influence. We trust that it was ignorance of Pugin's peculiar personal power which seduced Mr. Ruskin—a popular instructor who writes, draws, talks, but cannot bustle—into that most unfair depreciation of Pugin, redolent of the odium *theologicum*, which disfigures the *Stones of Venice*. We believe that this outburst is by this time forgotten. The tolerant common sense of society has long come to the conviction that the world of Gothic revivalists is large enough to hold both Pugin and Ruskin, and that while the first was not physically, so the latter is not morally, able to upset the other. As it is, with the omission that we pointed out, the Pugin Exhibition is still a very valuable and interesting chapter in art, and we sincerely trust that the vaster attractions of the coming summer down towards Brompton will not operate to the disadvantage of a collection possessing claims so real upon the respectful attention of art critics.

It is no reflection upon the residuary architectural exhibition for this year to say that it is below the average. Its managers deserve credit for having kept it up at all, while Pugin is entitled to the posthumous success which may belong to the fact that nearly all its merit belongs to the Gothic side, upon the year which was specially devoted to his memory. We are glad to be able to single out two prize designs by beginners, each of which shows powers that, if well cultivated, may lead to future eminence. Mr. Mileham exhibits the cloister court and the entrance hall of a museum of sculpture and painting, sent in to the Institute of Architects for the Soane Medallion, and rewarded by a premium, in which he has, with great boldness and a sense of stately proportion, carried out a Bramantesque idea in a severe type of early Northern Pointed, without forfeiting the Italian feeling.

The triennial gold medal of the Royal Academy of Arts was assigned, in December last, to Mr. T. H. Watson, for his design for an exchange for a large commercial city, covering an area of 300 feet square, and we think it was well won. It may be objected to Mr. Watson's style that he manifests a slight penchant to German thinness, but the whole effect is well studied. The points in it which most struck us were the plan of the interior court, in which a double cloister is arranged in free imitation of the arcade and triforium of a cathedral nave, and is unaffectedly capped by a soaring glass dome, and the steeple, in which a circle of eight radiating dormered spire lights bears up a solid spirelet, itself surrounded by a coronal of dormers. The idea would have been too fantastical for a church, but it is original and well suited for secular architecture. Mr. Scott ambuscaded under Mr. Drayton Wyatt's name, and among other contributions shows the new Vaughan Library at Harrow, and his scheme for recasting the hideous chapel of King's College, Strand,

into a solemn Romanesque fane, with arcades supported on coupled piers of twisted iron columns. The new chapel for Wellington College is too low and the flèche too heavy. Mr. Salvin has reason to complain of the artist whom he employed to draw the new Master's Court of Trinity College, Cambridge, designed by him in concert with Dr. Whewell. The special merit of this very clever building—apart from its being a proof that, in the hands of clever men, the pure English Perpendicular of the 15th century, though by no means the best form of Gothic, is capable of successful results—is that it grapples so well with a difficult site. The new Court stands in a very confined area at the corner of a street and of an alley. This angle is made use of for a projecting tourelle, while the portion of the building which abuts against the next door house in the street line is thrown up into one of those half gateways which form a peculiar feature of Oxford Collegiate Architecture, while the inside Court, though small and plain, is neither gloomy nor ignoble. The architect's artist who had to embody this pile ingeniously contrives to misrepresent every feature of it, and to give instead a low and sprawling structure standing alone in a Plain of Shinar. Mr. Street is represented by a not very remarkable church. If it may be objected to the Town Hall which Mr. E. W. Godwin is raising at Northampton, that the beffroi is low and thin, it must be owned that the adoption of such a design by a midland borough is a proof of the growth of picturesque feeling in the English people. Mr. Goldie's clever pen-and-ink sketches of proposed improvements at Arundel Castle seem to be ingenious attempts to mend a bad original. Mr. Edmeston shows a lofty warehouse in Thames Street, in which a Gothic sky-line with dormers and architectural features moderately introduced are employed to correct the prevalent hideousness of the commercial constructions of London. The time can hardly be distant when our men of business will learn that buildings of this character are cheaper as well as more effective than composed productions of debased Italian. Mr. J. Clarke's church for Point de Galle, Ceylon, seems to be a dignified building, conceived in French Gothic, modified to suit the climate. Mr. Edward Pugin is dutifully represented in an exhibition identified with his family reputation. While we are willing to admit the merit of his favourite type of church, we should advise him not to repeat it so often. A high steeple, a long nave, with low aisles and conspicuous clerestory, and a gabled apse, no doubt make up an effective composition; but the repetitions of this particular plan, which Mr. Pugin offers respectively for Birkenhead the peaceful and Washington the bellicose, are so like that the visitor has to look twice to apportion the different drawings; and both of them recall designs which he exhibited in former years for London and Northampton. Mr. Pugin has ability, and he has a great name to sustain; let him avoid mannerism. Mr. Wilkinson's Gothic house, in Bishopsgate Street, is so good that we are sorry to see him appear in Conduit Street with an Agricultural Hall to be erected in Islington, which is only a tame repetition of that cylindrical glass house which Mr. Owen Jones offered to the Manchester speculators for the Art Treasures Exhibition.

REVIEWS.

THE REIGN OF RICHARD THE THIRD.*

WE have already had occasion to make favourable mention of Mr. Gairdner as editor, in the same series with the present publication, of some of the scanty records which we possess of the important reign of Henry VII. It is remarkable how completely, towards the end of the fifteenth century—the turning-point from mediæval to modern history—we lose the thread of that continuous series of contemporary history which we have followed from the days of the Chronicle onwards. There can be no doubt that the invention of printing and the revival of letters had, in some respects, a bad effect on historical literature. Sismondi has well remarked that, by means of those changes, the tone of contemporary history was sensibly lowered and its trustworthiness diminished. The old chroniclers were often ignorant, often prejudiced, but they were at least honest. They described events as they really appeared to contemporaries, or at any rate as they appeared to some particular class of contemporaries. There is no tendency either to flatter kings, or deliberately to sacrifice truth to literary effect. William of Malmesbury, almost alone among our older historians, gives us a sort of foretaste of the class of writers who were to arise some centuries after. Because he writes more elaborate Latin than most of his fellows, he is far better known to readers in general than the sterling chronicle of Florence. With the revival of letters we get a whole crop of writers of the Malmesbury school—men who wrote elegant Latin, who understood all the rules of composition, and whose main object was to show off their scholarship and to pay due respect to kings and rulers. Before they came up, the old class of chroniclers had almost wholly died out. It is wonderful to compare the historic wealth of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries with the utter poverty of the fifteenth. The local chroniclers of Crowland Abbey, whom one hardly thinks of among the riches of earlier times, become of real consequence just as modern history is beginning to burst upon us. This lack of contemporary narratives is set forth by Mr. Gairdner both in

* Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII. Edited by James Gairdner. Vol. I. London: Longman and Co. 1861.

his former Preface and in his present one, and, as he truly says, it makes the documentary evidence of this time even more important than usual. Happily, just at this period, the documents begin to increase as the chronicles diminish. There is a very important collection of the correspondence of Richard III., which has never been printed in full. Mr. Gairdner has now edited all that hitherto remained unpublished. We heartily wish that he had edited, or that the Master of the Rolls had let him edit, the whole collection whether already printed or not. It is a great gain to have the whole of a given class of materials all together, well catalogued and indexed, instead of having to hunt them up through one volume after another. But we must say that Mr. Gairdner has at least done all that he could short of reprinting them. He has given a list of the whole series in chronological order, with references to the books where those which were already printed may be found.

Mr. Gairdner's preface is a very sensible one. He does not plunge into any of the controversies with which this dark time is beset, whether as to the character of Richard III. or as to the person who afterwards pretended to be Richard IV. But, besides his summary of the subjects illustrated by the letters, he gives us some very good remarks on the state of the royal succession in those days—a subject which readers in general so seldom understand. There can be no doubt that the mere transfer of the crown from the young Edward to his uncle was done with the national good-will. The illegal execution of Hastings would probably not greatly shock an age to which illegal executions had long been familiar. The crown was handed over to Richard with something like the forms of an election, and it is clear that men were well pleased to get rid of the dangers of a minority. They avoided the mistrust and escaped the influence of the unpopular Woodvilles, by making Richard, a prince in the full vigour of his age and understanding, King instead of Protector. To substitute Richard for Edward was simply to fall back upon the most ancient laws of England. Alfred himself reigned by no other title. But in those days Alfred had no need to murder his nephews to secure his own throne; in his time no man doubted the right of the Witan to choose whom they would out of the royal house. At the end of the fifteenth century, however, the ideas of hereditary succession, conquest, and election were all so confused together that almost anybody could find supporters. As Mr. Gairdner says, there is no need to suppose that Richard deliberately planned the murder of his nephews from the beginning. He was unscrupulous enough, as the whole story shows, but this extremity of wickedness may well have been in a manner forced upon him by the position in which he stood after his election, usurpation, or whatever it is to be called. They were put out of the way to make his throne, or perhaps rather the throne of his sons, more safe against rivals. That they were put out of the way it seems a needless extreme of scepticism to doubt. The crime had its natural result, in turning public feeling against a prince whose claim to the throne was, to say the least, not worse than that of his competitor, and who certainly was not wanting in many of the qualities of a great ruler. It was a crime for which, even in that age of crime, men were not prepared. In other cases of state murders, sometimes the deed was justified—at all events the fact of death was acknowledged; the dead body was publicly shown in evidence. But the sons of Edward IV. vanished from the world, no man knew how. Even in France, where private assassination was far more familiar than in England, men were shocked at a deed for which the annals of their own royal house certainly supplied no precedent. Louis XI. himself died too soon after the accession of Richard for the world to see what might have been the lasting relations between two such crafty and unscrupulous neighbours. But, not long after his death, when the crown of France, like that of England, had passed to a minor, the Chancellor of Charles VIII. could point to the example of England as supplying an additional motive for loyalty to the young sovereign. William de Rochefort, in opening the States-General of Tours in 1484, thus addresses the assembled representatives of France:—"Regardez, je vous prie, les événements qui après la mort du roi Edouard, sont arrivés dans ce pays [Angleterre]. Contemplez ses enfans, déjà grands et braves, massacrés impunément, et la couronne transportée à l'assassin par la faveur des peuples."

One of the most curious features about the revolution which raised Richard to the throne is mentioned by Mr. Gairdner in his Preface. A Parliament was summoned to meet on June 25th, and the Chancellor, John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, was, as usual, to open the proceedings with a speech. He composed his speech; he chose his text from the service of the festival of the day before, that of St. John Baptist, and garnished his discourse with a few flowers of the oratory of the period. Having to address the threefold powers of the State, he chose a "trimmended text." The text was, "Audite, insule, et attendite, populi de longe; Dominus vocavit me ab utero." The Lords were the isles, the Commons were the people from far. The unstable multitude were the sea which surrounded the isles, which latter, as became pillars of the State, had more surety and firmness in them "than in the sea or in any great rivers." The Bishop seems to have been quite ready to condescend to a pun, and doubtless, in his last clause he intended an allusion to the unlucky Earl of Rivers, one of the victims of Richard's revolution. The Parliament—the isles and the people from far—were to give the young King the benefit of their advice in divers matters domestic and foreign, and, above all things, to strengthen the hands of the Protector. When, however, they came together, things took a different turn. Instead of

strengthening the hands of the Protector, they made the Protector King. Bishop Russell's exhortations had already become suited only to a past state of things, and the speech which he had composed with so much care seems never to have been delivered at all.

Mr. Gairdner has some very good remarks on the different notions as to the succession to the crown which have been held at different times. We do not know that the following extract contains anything that is absolutely new; but it contains several truths which are commonly misunderstood, put together in a very clear shape:—

By a modified theory of divine right the King never dies, nor requires his Parliament to ratify his title. It was otherwise in earlier times. Before the 17th century we look in vain for anything like that clear recognition of a definite hereditary principle which governs the succession in our own days. Under the old Saxon and Norman kings, when the throne fell vacant, the power of nominating a successor was exercised by the witan or lords of the council. But the English respect for birth, proceeding from a strong belief in the virtue of blood and lineage, which practically limited the elective principle, operated gradually to weaken and annul it. In the days of the later Plantagenets the crown was clearly looked upon as an inheritance, but the question from whom it was derived occasioned civil war. Under the Tudors it was anxiously sought to establish a clear principle, but in vain; the many marriages of Henry VIII. served only to complicate the difficulty which, it seems, they were intended to remove. A Protestant faction attempted to prevent the succession of Mary; the Jesuits thought the title of Elizabeth indefensible. Some conceived that Mary Queen of Scots was the rightful Queen of England. Some expected on the death of Elizabeth a bloody competition for the crown. Conspiracies to dethrone the Queen produced a strong popular reaction, and a sanctity was ascribed to royalty which it had never known before. The rights of the crown must be above all question, whether of Pope or Parliament. James I. succeeded accordingly by divine right alone; there was no other principle on which his claim could be vindicated. His succession was in distinct opposition to more than one Act of Parliament, but there could be no doubt it was for the peace of England.—Pp. xi.—xiii.

We are not quite sure that Mr. Gairdner is perfectly accurate in saying that our present law admits divine right even in a modified form. Undoubtedly the King now succeeds at once on the death of his predecessor, without any election or even acknowledgment by Parliament. But he succeeds by virtue, not of divine right, but of the Act of Settlement. It was found in practice that the evils of a strict hereditary succession were less than the evils of election and disputed rights. By the Act of Settlement the Princess Sophia and her descendants were elected once for all. But that Act has no more divinity about it than any other Act—the power which enacted it may at any moment repeal it. The King comes to his office in one way; inferior magistrates come to their offices in other ways; but election, nomination, hereditary succession, all rest upon no other ground than the law of the land, and none of them is more divine than another.

With this exception, of words rather than of matter, Mr. Gairdner's statement of the case is exceedingly good, and he disposes, very quietly but very effectually, of the paradoxes of Mr. Froude. "The many marriages of Henry VIII. only complicated the difficulty which, it seems, they were intended to remove." Mr. Gairdner knows too much of official documents to be taken in by them. He has not Mr. Froude's guileless simplicity. He does not believe all that either Richard III. or Henry VIII. may choose to tell us about his own virtues. Mr. Gairdner has also a very good foot-note attached to the passage which we have extracted, in which he sets forth in brief all the Tudor legislation upon the subject, which, as he truly remarks, "overshot the mark, and tended rather to increase than to diminish uncertainty."

Mr. Gairdner has also some remarks on the general character of the Tudor government. He is evidently not disposed to under-rate its merits, but he fully understands those first principles, historical and moral, which Mr. Froude is unable to grasp:—

A comparison of the reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII. cannot fail to show us how much the destinies of a nation may be influenced for good or evil by the personal character of its sovereign. Their position upon the throne, their relations to their subjects, and to foreign powers, were not materially different. They might both be considered as usurpers; both had to meet rebellions in their own dominions; both had rivals abroad supported by foreign princes. But Richard was the last of a family of soldiers; Henry the beginner of a dynasty of statesmen. The morality of statesmanship in that day was not high, but it was better than the cruelty of brute force and violence, and it secured for itself that supremacy which force and violence had been unable to attain. There was a recklessness in the personal character of the princes of the House of York that might have sufficed to ruin their cause, apart from their internal divisions, injustice, and ferocity. The Tudor throne had to be supported by the most cautious diplomacy, and by a strict regard for law. For law, generally speaking, as the instrument of justice, but in some cases, undoubtedly, as a means of oppression. The very fact that it was so perverted is a proof of Henry's greatness. That a King, whose title was one of the most ambiguous ever seen in England, who was frequently troubled with rebellion, and placed on the throne by a successful rebellion himself, should have succeeded in making the authority of law so strong as not only to enable him to put down his enemies, but to become in his hands an engine of extortion, is evidence of Henry's ability as a statesman quite as great as the respect entertained for him by foreign sovereigns.—Pp. xxvi, xxvii.

It is this respect for law, even while most outraging justice, which was the special characteristic of the Tudor form of tyranny. Mr. Froude sees that the letter of the law was observed, and some natural perverseness hinders him from understanding that formal justice may have been substantial injustice. Now to cut off a man's head without any sort of legal process, as Richard did to Lord Hastings, is certainly not a worse moral action than to go through the solemn hypocrisy of passing an Act of Attainder against an innocent man. But the high-handed violence of Richard tended to disturb public security far more than the

really baser sham justice of Henry. The mass of men were quite safe against Bills of Attainder, but any man, high or low, might be murdered off-hand. The strong government of the Tudors, as Mr. Gairdner truly says, was manifested in a strict regard for law, and that, generally speaking, as an instrument of justice. That is to say, when the King's interest was not involved, justice was better administered between man and man than it had ever been before. But when the King's interest required it, law was used "as a means of oppression" in a way unknown to earlier times. Looking at each particular case, this prostitution of legal forms is about the blackest guilt of which human nature can be guilty. That Henry VIII. kept his tyranny within the forms of law is the very thing which makes him the most hateful of all tyrants. But this reverence for the mere shadow of law undoubtedly helped to strengthen legal habits and feelings in the nation, and thus to prepare the way for the true reverence for the substance. It is quite possible that large classes of the people may have taken a certain pleasure in Henry's legal murders. The greatest men in the land were condemned, some by juries to which they themselves might be summoned, some by Parliaments which they themselves helped to elect. The ordinary Englishman may really have felt himself exalted by this sort of complicity in the blood of Henry's victims. He may at all events have looked with complacency on their regular and ceremonial executions as compared with the lawless bloodshed of the century before. Thus far no doubt even Henry's tyranny worked for good. But when it comes to personal "rehabilitation," we are inclined to think that Richard is a more promising subject than Henry. The murder of two nephews hardly outweighs the murders of More and Fisher, and Whiting and Forrest, and Lord Surrey and Lady Salisbury, and more than we have space even to abridge. But ingenious men had already laboured, as somebody puts it, to whitewash Richard's character and to straighten his back. That paradox, therefore, had lost the charm of novelty. The Henry VIII. paradox Mr. Froude had all to himself. Again, apologists of Richard generally take the humbler line of denying Richard's worst actions. Mr. Froude could strike out a far more brilliant course by defending the worst actions of Henry. Anybody can assert that Richard never murdered his nephews, because, after all, it is very hard actually to prove that he did. It requires more genius and more hardihood to admit that Henry put to death Sir Thomas More, and to maintain that so to do was all right and proper.

We have hardly touched on that part of Mr. Gairdner's collection which treats of the reign of Henry VII. We will reserve that portion till the appearance of the second volume.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.*

THIS book somewhat reminds us of the West Indian popular saying about the black man's pig:—"Him berry little, massa, but him dam old." There is not much of it, but, such as it is, we have seen it all before, nothing being new to us except the communication of the facts by means of Lady Dunbar's own personality. "The solicitations of some kind friends, and a wish to realize a few pounds for a charitable purpose, have induced the authoress to publish the following journal." We are inclined to utter the uncharitable wish that she had remained friendless during the past year or so, or had turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmers, and taken counsel exclusively with her critical and candid friends. We are far from wishing to imply that the present work is a bad one. With the exception of the average number of errors in works of this kind—partly real errors, partly oversights, partly misprints—it is as free from defects as it is from merits, except such negative merit as the mere absence of defect may be held to constitute. The truth is that it is a perfectly unnecessary book, and we are only withheld from calling it a perfectly useless book by taking into consideration the legitimate gratification which will be derived from its unaffected pages by the private friends of the authoress, and by the knowledge that the vast majority of the circulating-library subscribers and book-club people, who will be its readers, do not in any sensible degree profit by or remember its countless predecessors. As they let the perennial stream of Spanish tourists' books run off their memories like rain off a duck's back, they can have no real objection to skim or dawdle over the well-trodden ground for the thousand and first time. It may seem harsh and ungracious to speak even in terms of mitigated censure when dealing with a work published for so praiseworthy an object as the desire to realize a sum for charitable purposes; yet we most sincerely wish that the authoress had disposed of this work, or any other work either of her pen, paint-brush, or crochet-needle, at the nearest fancy bazaar or other such institution prescribed by British charitable routine for such purposes. She would thereby have attained her object, gratified her friends, and afforded a laudable example by lightening the oppressed and groaning shelves of the British Museum of one more superfluous and ephemeral book.

Unprovided with any Spanish, but accompanied and tended by a watchful and efficient Spanish maid, the family party leave London in the late autumn for Marseilles, their first halting-place, and get there in four pages. Dr. Corrigan, President of the Irish College of Physicians, &c. &c., whom we had recently to condemn for an arrant bookmaker, takes some thirty to achieve the same feat, and indeed, when he gets there, can't keep himself

from clipping Pericles' and King Otho's (or King Demos's) Greek, and calling the Pireus Pyreus. Our authoress wisely avoided the discomfort and perpetual shiftings from coach to rail and rail to coach, which are unavoidable on the western route from Bayonne to Madrid at that season, and entered Spain by the less frequented route of the Eastern Pyrenees, by Perpignan and the Col de Pertus. She is rewarded by much wild scenery and by the diligence upsetting—the latter adventure happening, luckily, close to a little country railway station, where the party make the best of rough accommodation in the company of muleteers and half-savage peasants drinking Catalan wine. They stay some little time at Barcelona, and make excursions to Martorell, the Peak of Montserrat and its famous convent, and other places in the neighbourhood. Barcelona is the Manchester of Spain, as she and fifty before her tell us; yet there is plenty of wild life there. A rich marquis is coming from the opera one fine evening, and is set upon by a band of armed brigands, who endeavour to kidnap him and carry him off to the mountains for ransom, after the Calabrian and Neo-Hellenic fashion. A cook rushes out to the rescue with a carving-knife, and the two make such a stout resistance that they beat off their assailants; but the marquis, who cannot give up his music, has always to provide himself nowadays with an escort when he goes to the theatre. A dirty uncomfortable coasting steamer takes the party on to Valencia, whence they proceed to Alicante by rail. They then make an excursion over a villainous road to the famous palm groves of Elche. On the way a dagger falls out of the coachman's pocket, which turns out to be a lady's dagger or war-knife, belonging to his lady-love, which he is forced to sequester in virtue of her obstreperous and violent conduct. These knives meet us at every page of the book. One man, himself a murderer, was stabbed to death the evening before our travellers arrive at Alicante. At Malaga, they visit a jail full of 330 men and women, the vast majority being stabbing and murdering cases. The Spanish maid consents to take them to a fandango dance, and herself performs with credit; but she soon remarks the first workings of the fiery Southern blood and roused jealousy among the bystanders, and induces her party to leave the scene at once. An hour afterwards, a young man is brought into the town mortally wounded. This ferocity and recklessness of life can hardly be called cowardice, for every man is armed, and the duel, with the knife for attack, and the cloak wound round the arm for defence, is a recognised institution. But the callousness to human suffering and lust of blood which such habits indicate are unworthy of a nation which claims to be a rising member of the European commonwealth, and call for the strongest publicity and reprobation. They are almost as bad as the daily assassinations which used to occur at the beginning of the century in the Septinsular Republic, when that illustrious Homeric race was as yet its own master, and before it had learnt to deafen Europe by its "groans" under the British yoke.

The incautious reader may be somewhat mystified by Lady Dunbar's proceedings after she leaves Malaga. To all appearance she ceases to be an individual, but splits herself into two Lady Dunbars, one of whom spends January and February at Gibraltar, and the other spends the same months at Granada. As we cannot look upon her as a spirit, even in these days of Obeah worship in *Excelsis*, we are obliged to infer that the party divided itself, and that the authoress has chosen to record the proceedings of each half in the first person. The Gibraltar part of her tells us much about that little-known place in a curt geography-book style. Its height is 1450 feet. It bristles with artillery. The duties of the military are as strict as in war time. There are monkeys on the rock, who rob orchards at night like monkeys at home. In contrast to these useless old scraps of information, of which no human being is ignorant, we have the utmost satisfaction in quoting the following passage:—

An interesting sight at Gibraltar is a Soldiers' Home or club. This has been lately established by a philanthropic artillery officer. It is a large and commodious house of several stories. There are coffee-rooms, reading and writing-rooms, a lecture-room, billiard-room, with tables arranged in it for chess, draughts, and other such games. There were upwards of 3000 subscribers at one penny each a week. The whole was most orderly, and highly appreciated by the men. The authorities are so satisfied with its success, that they have intimated their intention of repaying its founder several hundred pounds which he had expended in establishing it.

From Gibraltar a flying visit is, of course, paid to Tangiers, which is clearly and briefly described—particularly a truly Homeric scene of primitive justice decided between two wild Moorish litigants by the Deputy Governor, and a savage flogging with a knotted rope inflicted on a criminal, precisely like our naval and military floggings of former times. Some of these days it will be discovered by dealers in *mots* and antitheses that so far from "Africa beginning at the Pyrenees"—the old worn text upon which romancers and Spanish tourists love to preach—Europe begins at the Atlas. Of course it does so now in Algeria; but at all times Barbary has been able to show a European characteristic for each Oriental characteristic shown by Spain. The retention of the old Roman solar months under their Latin names, Yannar, Frar, Mart, &c. dating, no doubt, from old Imperial times—the use of the Arabic numerals in their modern European, not their original Eastern form—the numerous Spanish words in vernacular Maghrebi Arabic—the un-Mussulman practice of hoisting a flag to indicate the times of prayer—even the above-mentioned case of flogging as a substitute for the bastinado, are cases enough to establish this point.

The Granada party travel, meanwhile, from that city to Cordova in the real old-fashioned rough way, on mule-back, making the best of everything, and heartily enjoying themselves. The sepa-

* *A Family Tour round the Coasts of Spain and Portugal, during the Winter of 1860-61.* By Lady Dunbar, of Northfield. Blackwood. 1862.

rated family is ultimately reunited at Cadiz. Seville is of course visited, and an interesting account of the various ceremonies during Passion-week and Easter is given. The long-deferred bull-fight now makes its appearance at last; but in justice to our author we are bound to say that she does not keep us long over it, and she adds, in contrast to the Spanish *funcion*, an amusing account of a Portuguese bull-fight, which seems to differ from the other as sparring with the gloves does from real prizefighting. The bull's horns are well muffled, and there is no matador in the business at all, but the picador is admirably mounted, and he and the bull caracole and curvet about, and charge one another all over the ring in a way to afford capital sport to such as can relish sport without bloodshed. After visiting Lisbon and refreshing our memories with an account of the half-forgotten beauties of Cintra—so much praised during the Byronic period, and so little visited now—she returns home by Southampton, amiable and easily satisfied to the last, as she describes herself as admiring the scenery on the Southampton Railway, and being amused by a railway luggage-label inscribed "Waterloo."

All this, with, perhaps, the exception of the Portuguese bull-fight and the Seville Easter ceremonies, is a very old story now. Such as it is, however, Lady Dunbar tells it with much clearness and simplicity of style, without any attempt at fine writing, and she has enlivened her pages with some pleasant illustrative anecdotes and traits of character. The temptation to bookmaking among tourists is considerable, and praise must be awarded in the ratio of such temptation to those whose hands are unstained by a literary crime almost universally committed in works of this description, and but rarely and inadequately denounced. She has also kept herself clear of the odious affectation, so common in books on Spain, of giving a spurious *Borracha* twang to the narrative—doctoring South African sherry, as it were, with bitter almonds and burnt bones to give it the real *Amontillado* flavour. We are thankful that she did not write her notes on Spanish cigarette paper with a liquor made of orange juice and Spanish liqueur, as has been done in books before now, and will doubtless be soon done again. We wish she had been a little more careful about Spanish and Portuguese names being given correctly. In one place she sneers at the "manly" Spanish language; and we cannot help seeing that she loses no opportunity of carrying on active hostilities against it. Here are some instances. *El Gras* for *El Grao* (the gradus or port of Valencia), *Monaoe* for *Monovar*, *algebes* for *algebes*, *bodiga* for *bodega*, *Correda* for *corrida*, *Franeesca* for *Francisca*, *Balalka* and *Peneike* for *Batalha* and *Peniche*, and—horror of horrors—*Vasca de Gamos*; *alpagates* for *alpagatas*, *Guadalquizer* for *-quivir*; with her, no doubt, rhyming with *riber*, not with *severe*; the *estornino*, or starling, described as a fat and delicious, but mysterious and unidentified bird; the *mihrab* of a mosque called *shihrah*; and the Plaza de Toros of Valencia. The Plaza de Toros of Valencia (*sic*) we take to be the finest in the world, being the adjoining and larger island, of which Kerry is the nearest county, and Derrynane Abbey one of the nearest country seats—an island of which no Saxon matador has as yet succeeded in vanquishing the Toros in fair fight with the *espada* of mere logic. Finally, we have *Martorel* for *Martorell*. This is not a mere trifle. The double *l* gives the Catalan word the sound of *martoreille* in French, and we must not allow an ancient and noble tongue to be ignored or slighted as a mere patois of Spanish, with which it has no more to do than with Italian or Wallachian, and not nearly so much as with the Romanic of the Grisons, or the degraded street-talk of Marseilles. The descendants of the Great Company, who held Attica and Boeotia against Greek, Turk, and Frank, and who made the Sea of Marmora a Catalan lake, have a right to claim distinct recognition at our hands.

We have only one word more. Lady Dunbar, in the only political reflection which she has allowed herself to make in this work, has used words which, if they mean anything, mean that the alleged intolerance of the Spaniards towards Protestant worship, calls for chastisement to be inflicted on Spain by us, as we inflicted it on the arrogant Chinese whom they so strongly resemble. The mischief which may arise from violent and unguarded language thus lightly used is not to be calculated. In Spain, as in the rising nationalities of Eastern Europe, everything that is said and written here in England with reference to itself becomes at once known and commented upon. We write with a recent number of the *Diario Mercantil* of Valencia, a mere provincial paper, under our eyes, containing Professor Goldwin Smith's famous letter on Colonial Emancipation, nearly in *extenso*, inserted, of course, on account of the passages referring to Gibraltar. Ford's entertaining and useful, but often curiously tactless and reckless *Handbook*, is well known in Spain, and we do not hesitate to say that many passages in it have given just offence, and have served to embitter the minds of many Spaniards against us, by wantonly offending the self-love of a sensitive and high-spirited nation. It is no answer to say that the Spaniards brag over much and do not pay their debts. We, too, brag more than we ought, and as for getting our due, it will not be facilitated by employing the language of offensive patronage, or by perpetual reminders of the onerous burden of gratitude. *Noblesse oblige* is a good motto for nations as well as for men and women, and it will be both becoming and prudent for us to act upon it, and set the example of moderating the words of self-assertion when facts are sufficiently eloquent.

LETTERS AND LIFE OF LORD BACON.*

IN these volumes Mr. Spedding comprises all that he can find remaining of Lord Bacon's writings, which does not fall into one of the three classes into which his works have been distributed in the recent edition of them. Here are collected, not only his letters, but the fragmentary notes of his speeches in Parliament or in State Trials, the devices and harangues which he composed for the revels at Gray's Inn and the triumphs of his patron and friend Essex, and various tracts occasioned by the circumstances of the times, such as the *Advertisement concerning the Controversies of the Church of England*, the narratives which he drew up for the Government of two of the Spanish and Roman Catholic plots of the time—those of Dr. Lopez and of Edward Squire—and the *Declaration of the Treasons of the Earl of Essex*. These memorials of Bacon's private and active life have been arranged in chronological order. It need not be said that they have been edited with great care, intelligence, and judgment, and that Mr. Spedding's manner of dealing with them shows that full mastery of the subject which long and earnest study gives, turned to full account by a thoughtful, energetic, and cautious mind, strung to greater seriousness by the greatness of its undertaking. A jealous and laborious accuracy has been conspicuously the law of his work; and it is amusing to see the calm, yet not unwarranted, self-confidence with which he contemplates his own labours, as compared with those of Mr. Hepworth Dixon in the same field. He finds, for instance, that Mr. Dixon's transcripts of certain letters of the Lambeth collection vary from his own. The natural thing would be to collate them afresh with the originals. But Mr. Spedding does not give himself the trouble to do this. "The copies," he says, "of some of these letters lately published by Mr. Hepworth Dixon differ, I observe, very much from mine—most of them, in the words and sense, more or less—and some in the name of the person writing, or the person written to, or both. But as mine are more intelligible, and are made with care and at leisure, and when my eyes were better than they are now, I do not suspect any material error in them, and have not thought it worth while to apply for leave to compare them again with the originals." It is not often that we meet with so complete a formula for compressing into a brief space all that a man thinks about a book, as in this quiet and indirect notice—the only one, besides a grave and elaborate exposure of a piece of careless blundering about a State Paper Office document, which Mr. Spedding vouchsafes to Mr. Dixon's book.

In these volumes Mr. Spedding, as the title of the book implies, is more than an editor. He undertakes to give, not exactly a biography of Bacon, but a biographical and historical commentary on the remains of his writings, which are connected with the events of his life. It is highly interesting—ample, learned, acute, well-considered, bearing everywhere the marks of severe and patient examination of evidence, and of exact and calm comparison of reasons. There are considerable advantages in this irregular form of biography. The documents acquire a meaning from the comment which they would not have by themselves, and the biographical composition derives a life and reality from the documents. The man himself seems to appear before us, and not merely an artificial picture of him; and he appears, as he actually was at each step of his course, not as he is in the idea derived of him from the whole of his course when finished. There is the mixture which exists in life of the important and the trivial—mixed up together, also, in the same apparent disproportion, with the same incompleteness and fragmentary abruptness. Then the framework of the composition admits of great ease and freedom in dealing with the uncertain, perplexed, or difficult parts of the subject. The commentator can stop, and examine, and discuss, or leave the state of facts in its actual bareness or embarrassment, in a way which the avowed biographer does not like to do. Mr. Spedding has availed himself of these advantages of his plan to a high degree. But this method has its disadvantages. It allows and encourages the writer to be diffuse, while his attention is engrossed for the moment by the particular document which he is engaged in illustrating, and which is apt to tempt him like a text into disquisition. It involves the danger of missing out, or inadequately bringing forward, points which do not happen to be touched by the documents to be illustrated; and it is apt to fail in the proportions and in the connexion—the material as opposed to the mere chronological connexion—of the subject. Letters and remains of the kind are preserved usually at random and by an "impartial chance;" and they must govern, both in matter and order, the commentator's arrangement and mode of representation. With all his ability, with the power of making each separate section and piece of investigation a most interesting bit of reading, Mr. Spedding has not been able completely to overcome these difficulties. His book requires, though it will reward, patient and industrious readers.

These volumes comprise the first forty years of Bacon's life, and leave off at the downfall of Lord Essex in 1601. Mr. Spedding's view of his career, so far as he goes, is in the highest degree favourable to Bacon. He indulges, indeed, in no flights of panegyric. He keeps down the admiration with which he glows, and only allows it to appear in grave and measured statements, or in

* *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon, including all his Occasional Works*, by James Spedding. Vols I. and II. Longmans. 1862.

occasional brief and intense expressions. But it is evident that he looks upon Bacon's character as a man, in all points of moral height and nobleness, as being on a level with the greatness of his intellect. It is on this supposition that Mr. Spedding's biographical commentary is composed. And with this idea of Bacon is joined an admiration as great for Elizabeth's cause and government, and her general policy. He finds fault with it in some of its aspects. Her line towards the Puritan party he thinks the greatest mistake of her reign; and in her choice and employment of servants there were, as must be admitted on every view of her character, mistakes both discreditable and disastrous. But Mr. Spedding is always inclined to be lenient, and to find a reasonable and favourable explanation of the questionable acts of one whose wisdom and great purposes in governing he rates as they were rated by her admirers in her own day.

Much must be allowed, in appreciating Bacon, to a man like Mr. Spedding, who for years has been in such close and familiar contact with all that is left of him—much in the way of authority, in judging of him, much, also, in the way of excuse, if his judgment seems too partial. For, indeed, it must be difficult for a man continually conversant with that lofty reason with which Bacon, as a matter of course, treats all subjects that he handles—and with that power of mental vision, piercing at once and wide, which sees all great and true and good things, and sees which among them are most excellent—not to believe that a corresponding strength and purity of character, and elevation of aim and motive, attended a spirit which saw the truth so clearly and surely, and embraced it with such free and ardent love. But it is to be observed that, in these volumes, Mr. Spedding brings with him this favourable idea of Bacon to the illustration of the memorials of his life, and does not find it there. To our mind, one of the most curious things about this collection of letters and papers, apart from Mr. Spedding's reading of them, is the absence of moral colour of any kind in the impression which they leave of the writer. They show what he knew and thought, and how he could judge and speak; but as to the real stuff that he was made of, in that which makes the good and honest and true man, there seems to be absolutely nothing, till we come to the end of the second volume, which can be considered to point decisively one way or the other. Everything that is shown us about him is of a neutral and indifferent meaning. It may proceed from, or be in harmony with, a very high or a very low order of moral character. One of the prominent features in these papers is Bacon's eagerness after preferment and an easy fortune; but this eagerness is perfectly compatible with very pure or very mean motives, and there is nothing besides to show from which it proceeded. There is nothing to show what his real aim and purpose was in desiring advancement—nothing to show what he was or was not willing to sacrifice for its sake—whether he was a self-seeker, capable of the greatest things, but willing to descend to the meanest—whether, with no selfish ends to serve, he desired independence that he might devote himself to philosophy—or whether, as Mr. Spedding thinks, he balanced between the duties of a citizen and the hopes and aspirations of a student. There does not seem to us to be one fact or document in these volumes which is not fairly reconcilable with a favourable or an unfavourable view of his character—which may not be read either way—except the last transaction, his conduct in the proceedings against Essex.

Here, at last, is something on which we cannot help forming a judgment, decisive, according to the construction we put upon it, for or against Bacon—a transaction, also, which throws its light back on the uncertain tract of Bacon's life before it. And it is not too much to say that, throughout the whole of the second volume and half of the first, Mr. Spedding is preparing us to take what he considers the right view of this matter. He is a provident, wary, and pertinacious advocate; and it is curious to observe the watchful ingenuity with which, long before the catastrophe arrives, he takes care to put our minds into the right attitude for viewing every circumstance which may afterwards be remembered as bearing on it. Of the closing portion of Essex's career he gives us a much fuller account than of Bacon's life at the time; Essex is the real subject of his second volume. And for the purpose which he has in view, the pains which he takes are not too great.

For the case is this. In the ten years before Essex's fall, there had been between him and Bacon the closest, most intimate, most affectionate friendship. There had been, all along, mutual services and mutual trust. Bacon had served Essex with his wit and his pen—thought for him, advised him, invented for him—and no man in England was so capable of appreciating the worth of what Bacon thought and wrote. Essex had for several years strained his whole interest at Court to advance Bacon in his profession of the law. Why he did not succeed, Mr. Spedding, it seems to us, has not made clear. That the Queen's general suspicion of "speculative" men, or her prolonged offence at a single and extremely mild instance of independence on Bacon's part in Parliament, is enough to account for her obstinate dislike and rejection of a most zealous servant, who was the son of a favourite Lord Keeper, the nephew of Burleigh, and the dearest friend of Essex, at the time of his greatest power, is to us inconceivable. But there is no doubt that Essex did his best for Bacon; and Bacon fully recognised the earnestness of his efforts. Then came Essex's decline in favour—his misconduct and miscarriages in Ireland—his desperate methods of opposing his political enemies, resulting in what was fairly enough, in those days and by his victorious rivals, branded as his treasons, though we ought to remember that

those rivals, under the same temptations, would probably have seen no great sin, though it may be great folly, in the same courses. But no doubt Essex had grossly offended; and further, the Government which he had attacked by armed force had a full right to demand his head as a traitor. Bacon, who, in the meanwhile, though refused promotion, had been made the Queen's Learned Counsel, and had been doing legal work for the Government, now came forward, or was brought forward, as one of the counsel for the crown against Essex. Mr. Spedding relates how effectually he did his part in pointing the charge against Essex, and in bringing back the accusation to where its blow would tell, when Coke had carelessly let it wander. And when Essex had perished, Bacon's vigorous power of narration was employed to state the case of the government and the crimes of Essex, as strongly as possible, in the *Declaration of the Treasons of the Earl of Essex*. In September, 1600, we find Bacon in confidential communication with Essex, though it may be true, as Mr. Spedding says, that Essex only admitted him into half his confidence; and he was actually drawing up drafts of letters, to be sent in the Earl's name, to explain his case to the Queen, and incurring the Queen's displeasure by interceding with her in the Earl's favour. The next compositions of Bacon's, excepting a letter or two on business, are met with under the date of February following; and they are his pleadings for the condemnation of Essex.

Mr. Spedding insists strongly on the wickedness of Essex's designs, and the deliberate character of his plot, which might well shock even a friend like Bacon when once he became aware of it. He has an easy task in this, though even here it seems to us that his suppositions are often questionable and his interpretations forced, and that he sometimes relies to the full on evidence of a very suspicious sort. He also dwells on the paramount obligation of public duties as against private affection. But this seems to us to miss the point of the matter. The question is not whether Bacon ought to have detested, and if necessary, resisted the treason of an intimate friend, who had done all he could to serve him—no one can have any doubt about that. It is whether an intimate friend is the proper person to come forward in the day of his friend's crime and downfall and utmost extremity, to direct the vengeance of the law upon him; and then to lend his pen in order to hand him down to posterity in the blackest colours and with all the aggravations which great skill can command. We confess that we can see no obligation, no necessity, which forced Bacon to this. Loyalty, public service, are beside the matter—there were plenty to do the work without him. It is indeed a notable instance of the spirit of that time and government, that from Bacon such service should have been required against Essex. But to say that in his position as Queen's counsel he was bound not to refuse, or that it would have been ruin to do so, is merely to say that he had the alternative of sacrificing his prosperity as a lawyer, or his honour as a man; and he must be judged by the alternative which he chose. Men of far less account have had a harder choice.

Mr. Spedding says that he has no fault to find with Bacon in this matter from first to last. He seems to think that Bacon's justification follows as a matter of course from the proof of Essex's criminality, and that the more he aggravates this, the clearer is the case for Bacon. We may admit his view of the long meditated treason of Essex; though the objections to it are, that it very insufficiently explains such leading facts as that of Essex putting himself into the power of the Government, and that it rests on grounds which it is impossible to regard with too much distrust—the confessions of desperate and irritated men laying the blame on one another, made in private without check or test, and recorded, equally without check, by those who were interested in giving them a particular turn. Mr. Spedding, however, may be right about Essex; but much more than this is necessary before Bacon can be cleared of the disgrace which hangs about one who had not the self-respect and the courage to feel that he was not the man to pursue Essex to death. Any one would be glad to see a great name vindicated. But even about great names it is better to have the truth, with all its possibly strange anomalies, than to believe in untenable justifications. It is better to believe that Bacon's was a nature which yielded to the great temptations of life than to persuade ourselves that Bacon was right in lending his services to his friend's enemies against his friend.

CAN WRONG BE RIGHT?*

IT is difficult to decide whether this book deserves most praise or censure. Had it been the production of a young and untried novelist, we should have been disposed to regard it as evincing promise of considerable powers in spite of certain accompanying faults, hoping that these latter might be eventually cured by the operation of time and experience. As it is, we suspect that the apparent promise is not promise, but fulfilment. Mrs. Hall's experience as a writer has been sufficient to mature her powers. It is probable that the merits which this novel displays are merits in the ripest stage of development, and that meanwhile the errors, which it is impossible to overlook, are too deeply-rooted to admit a hope of their removal. This is the more to be regretted since the virtues of the book are considerable. The old adage, *corruptio optimi est pessima*,

* *Can Wrong be Right?* A Tale. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

will find another illustration in these pages. Not that the corruption of the best thing, in this or any other case, is absolutely the worst, but relatively; and in regard of what the best thing might have been, it is very nearly the worst. Its merits lie on the surface. The authoress shows much felicity in her conception of character. Her personages are skilfully imagined in the first instance, and are also placed in positions which admit of their being developed and illustrated in admirable contrast with each other. She exhibits also an artist's eye in her pictures and landscapes. There are scenes which, for felicity of grouping and carefulness of finish, are not often excelled. They are almost like those few exquisite pictures in our Laureate's poem of the *Gardener's Daughter*. Delicate, tender, distinct, they want only the aids of his rhythmical cadence and magic diction to win a lasting place in the memory. Nor is the authoress deficient in her command of language. She is always clear, and almost always forcible. In this respect she agreeably disappoints the anticipations which the first few pages of the novel arouse. There are ominous symptoms in its commencement of an intention to give way to the demands of feeling. Everything seems to betoken an autobiography devoted to spasmodic exhibitions of passion and remorse. When a woman proposes to write the story of her life, and in order to do so states the necessity of writing with an "iron pen"—when, in casting her eyes over the scenes of former days, she is fain to confess that "a burning sirocco had withered her youth and driven her to the verge of insanity"—when she discovers that "the memory of her earnest passion-like youth thrills her blood and binds again a scorching circle round her brow"—the star of the dismayed reader does not seem to be in the ascendant. We have the greatest respect for ladies who have gone through experiences of the sort in question, but it is a respect that bids us rather be silent in their presence than request a circumstantial account of their misfortunes. It could only have been the inbred courtesy of her noble blood that enabled Dido to lend her royal ears to Æneas after the ominous prelude with which he began his story. Fortunately, however, the bark is in this case worse than the bite. The tale which the sufferer has to tell is less strange and overpowering than some which have been obtruded on the dreams of our philosophy. The "sirocco" held out to us in *terrorem* at the commencement of the recital softens and dies away into a melancholy but not unpleasant west wind. The autobiography, in fact, comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb; and as we are altogether averse to having our soul harrowed up by a recital of past, and therefore irremediable, female wrongs, when we merely desire to be gently interested and pleased by the normal two-volume novel, we are proportionately grateful to the authoress for the relief. On the whole, if a tale is to play the lion instead of the lamb somewhere in the course of its evolution, it is better that it should do so at first, and so get it over at once. There is a danger, certainly, of the reader being frightened, and laying down the story without further examination, but if this bar be once tided over, it is all plain sailing for the future. The reader arrives without any fresh shock to his feelings at the desired finale, and the gratitude which we have described as animating our own breast will not improbably soften the critical judgment which he proceeds to pass on the story as a whole. Whether Mrs. Hall has acted on this theory advisedly, or stumbled unconsciously on its practice, makes no difference in the effect produced.

The chief defect of the novel lies in the purpose which has animated it. The authoress seems to intimate that it is not merely as a fictitious story composed for the ordinary purposes of a novel, but that it was written to illustrate, and perhaps even to prove, a moral thesis. If it is regarded in this light, we protest against it altogether. It is true that it is not unusual nowadays to make fiction subservient to the purposes of moral philosophy; but it is a custom which we denounce *in toto*, and at all events Mrs. Hall should be above giving way to it. There is an axiom of ethics that "motives are a sign of weakness." Motives in a novel are certainly a sign of weakness in the novelist. The best writers feel no necessity to prop up their story by the artificial support of a latent moral truism; and where they have shown the greatest tendency to introduce the powder into the jam, they have approached most nearly to the brink of failure. It is, of course, natural enough for a novelist who has good reason to despair of commanding success by the merits of his story, to endeavour to deserve it by the excellence of the principles which it inculcates, but he shows his own estimate of his powers by the device. Authors may be divided into two classes—those who aspire, and those who have no courage to aspire. The writer who exhibits the above-mentioned sign of weakness shows that he lacks the courage to aspire, and he who lacks the courage to aspire would, perhaps, do better not to attempt authorship at all. Yet, after all, in selecting this species of composition, Mrs. Hall is perhaps only faithful to the laws of her kind. Children of both sexes, in the course of their initiation into the mysteries of caligraphy, are generally favoured with short moral texts of unquestionable excellence. By dint of perseverance in their reproduction on a graduating scale of distinctness and size, their education is conceived to advance *pari passu* in two departments at once—progress is made in caligraphy and morals at the same time. So far the sexes are alike. But, as a general rule, men learn to contemplate these souvenirs of their childhood with amused and indulgent criticism, while women more meritoriously treasure them up as *scripura ic diu*. Hence it is that feminine novels so often represent only an enlarged transcript of the moral axioms of infancy. Virtue is commendable, or vice deserves censure, to the mature as well as to the childish intellect,

and the authoress surveys her moral novel at its conclusion with the same satisfaction with which she used to survey the firm round text and the resolute characters which embodied the moral maxims of her early youth. Mrs. Hall composes this story to settle the question, *Can wrong be right?* We should like to know for whose satisfaction she is desirous of settling it. Is it to solve her own perplexities or those of her readers? Perhaps it is her own. It has been said that a subject which is not sufficiently clear and defined to our understanding may be rendered so by straining it through the sieve of language, and formularising it in spoken or written words. It may be that Mrs. Hall's doubts regarding the answer to her question have been happily removed by seeing how the abstract principle of using wrong means to a right end works, when exhibited in the concrete form of a book of fiction. Only, on this hypothesis, in her satisfaction at the removal of her own doubts, it was not necessary to thrust the copybook before the eyes of the public. She might have continued to regale her own eyes and those of her friends with a sight of it, without the world in general losing much by its non-exhibition in public. On the other hand, if her own mind was already clear about it, and it is to become a benefactor to the world that she dogmatizes on the subject, it might have been more to the point to wait till the world asked the question before she troubled herself to answer it. What opinion could the Sphinx have formed of the good sense and judgment of Ædipus, if that sagacious chief had vociferated the solution of her enigma before she had ever propounded it? It is clear that she would have hastily extemporised a totally different conundrum, and then proceeded to arraign him on a charge of *ignoratio elenchi*, for giving a solution that had no reference whatever to the difficulty with which her mind was teeming.

But, passing over this objection, and assuming that there may be some person or persons anxious to be informed whether wrong can be right, how does Mrs. Hall imagine that she has proved her theory by the publication of this fiction? Moral dogmas never were, and never can be, demonstrated by the accidents of a fictitious story which is compelled to embody them. There is always the certainty that the opposite dogmas admit of demonstration by precisely the same fiction and the same machinery. The reader will judge from a very slight sketch of the plot in what manner Mrs. Hall attempts to prove the axiom that A never can be not-A—that wrong never can be right. The heroine tells the story of her own life. Mildred, a village maiden of humble birth, but of marvellous beauty, falls in love with the great man of the parish. She does so without any corresponding stirring of his affections, and apparently with singularly little fuel to feed the flame of her own passion. But she is of an imaginative disposition, and has trained herself for the ordinary attachments of maturity by the unusual devotion of her early life to flowers. Writing on this subject to her grand-daughter, she expresses herself thus:—

How I have prayed to be able to copy a harebell: I could imitate its shape and colour, but no art of mine could transfix the delicacy of its tint, the transparent lightness of the bell, through which you can almost see the atmosphere. It seemed an ethereal flower dropped by an angel's hands. It was my great impossibility: I could not copy it. I used to weep over it, and resolve never to gather another. The fritillaria led me into many a marsh; I have gathered a basketful of that and the daffodil, so that I might return in time to prepare a breakfast for those I loved—I then thought—as fervently as I could love anything beneath the sun.

The great man, Sir Oswald, is meanwhile engaged to a Miss Mansfield. He is passionately attached to her, and she appears to be really attached to him in return. In the exercise, however, of the privileges of her capricious sex, she declines at the last moment to marry him, whereon Sir Oswald repairs to Mildred's presence, and half-persuades, half-compels her to marry him out of hand the same morning. The authoress neglects to state how the difficulties regarding the change of name in the marriage licence were got over. Mildred is hurried abroad after the marriage, and subjected to the course of instruction that seems most likely to adapt her for the society of King Cophetua. Circumstances, however, bring Miss Mansfield once more into Sir Oswald's presence, and convince Mildred that the old attachment is as strong as ever. In a generous desire to promote her husband's happiness, she contrives to fly to a convent in such a manner as to lead her husband to believe that she has been drowned. After continuing in the convent a little longer than she desired, she effects her escape in time to bear a son, and learns that her husband, under the impression of her death, has married Miss Mansfield, and become the most eloquent member in the House of Commons. She conceals her sorrows in retirement, and supports herself by her skill in needlework and embroidery. An attack of smallpox destroys her beauty, but, as a compensation, the Baronet's reputed wife dies, and leaves the field open for her return. She makes herself known to her husband, and after some delay on his part is admitted to his forgiveness, and even to his affection, just in time to smoothe his dying pillow and educate her son for his brilliant prospects. The sorrows which she endured during her retirement are the premises which conduct her to the conclusion that she did wrong to leave her husband, and therefore that to do wrong can never be to do right.

All this is very unsatisfactory. What would have happened if the second wife of the Baronet had not died and made room for her predecessor's return? Of course there was no real danger of this happening, for a novelist is by hypothesis master of every situation. But what semblance is there of reality in a story which proves its point by such hazardous contingencies as these? The novelist moves his characters to a moment, just as the assistant of the Wondrous Leotard swings the necessary bar just in time

to avert a catastrophe the possibility of which keeps all our attention on a painful strain. But what is admissible, and even necessary, at the Alhambra Palace, is a questionable exhibition of art in a novel, and, as we have said, the object for which the device is resorted to is beneath the dignity of a novelist of reputation. It is a more pleasing spectacle to regard the story in detail. The writing is good, and occasionally excellent. There is a tendency here and there to moralize on what is called the spirit of the age, and to introduce an irrelevant *discursus* on such topics as Mechanics' Institutes and the Divorce Court; but in the main the reader may derive considerable satisfaction from perusing the novel. The interest that arises from following the evolution of such a plot as we have described can never be very great; but there will probably be more than an average amount of pleasure felt in observing and admiring the writer's skill when she is engaged only in portraying isolated scenes and pictures.

DR. CUMMING'S RECENT WORKS.*

WE have more than once pointed out the characteristic of Dr. Cumming as a public man. It is that he evidently uses his religious profession, and the calling to which he has called himself, as a mere means of exhibiting himself and what he considers his powers of fine writing. More especially does this appear as regards his talk—we shall not dignify it, as he does, by styling it his studies—on unfulfilled prophecy. It is only for this reason that we deal with him at all. As a religious writer we have nothing to say about Dr. Cumming; but as one who uses religion for mere display, and for a display of false learning and pretended erudition, he is common property. A literary nuisance must be exposed, the rather if he is a religious oracle. Our charge against Dr. Cumming is, that from internal evidence we find that he selects this particular subject of prophetic interpretation, chiefly or only because it gives, in his treatment of it, the widest field for extravagant discussion, and the broadest canvas for stilted rhetoric and for what he thinks to be picturesque description. He takes his subject just as the late Mr. Martin took his subjects—not because, in either case, there was the slightest knowledge of drawing, or the least appreciation of his art and its dignity; but because the "world to come" allowed painter and preacher to dash away with a loaded brush, the coarsest hand, and the most perfect disregard of common fidelity and accuracy. We are quite aware that this is a heavy charge against a minister of religion; but it is one which his works, from first to last, justify. In his *Apocalyptic Sketches* we saw how he tried to show off second-rate, inaccurate, and plagiarized learning. In his sermon on Prince Albert's death we proved how he only preached himself and his small familiarity with courts and courtiers. But it is from his recent work, *The Millennial Rest*, the last of his series on unfulfilled prophecy, that the charge can be most fully substantiated.

If we understand aright what a sermon is, we should say, in our very prosaic view of it, that it ought at least to try to make men better. Its true function is, to help us all to know ourselves—to assist men in the terrible work of plucking out the evil that is in them—to aid us in getting rid of pride and self-will—and to teach us the dangers of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Dr. Cumming, fairly enough, tells his hearers that they come to church to be tickled into peace, to be pleased and soothed; and that his function is to interest and amuse them. He says:—"All men have plenty during the week to plague them; and, therefore, hundreds come within the walls of the sanctuary, thankful that the weary six days of the week are over. You do not want metaphysics or mere speculative hair-splitting controversies. You need refreshment and rest." It may be quite true that people do not, or ought not to, go to church to hear hair-splitting controversies, &c.—though such an observation tells rather against Dr. Cumming's controversial lectures; but the question is, whether people ought to go to church, and especially to the Scotch Church in Crown Court, for the same purpose that they go to the large building across the street? That is, it is a question whether they ought to go only to be amused—only to get rid of the worries of the week, and to enjoy a series of *tableaux* like those in an Easter piece or a pantomime. Is it right to tickle the ears or the eyes with a string of views of the Millennial Kingdom executed after the pattern of Messrs. Grieve and Teibin? Is the Apocalyptic vision merely to be an alternative to the Bower of Bliss and the Halls of Dazzling Light which we are familiar with in Drury Lane? We can say this for Dr. Cumming's book—that the general impression which it leaves on our mind is precisely that which follows a Christmas night at the play. We have a vague notion of blue fire, and stalactite halls, and ruby columns, and diamond cars, and gem-laden trees, and all that sort of thing, and as much sense of religion in one as in the other.

We will give an instance of Dr. Cumming's treatment of the world to come. First of all, let us say a word on the subject itself. "The world to come!" From the very nature of the case, a sober Christian would pause before taking it up at all. As there is next to nothing recorded about it, this very fact would suggest to a sober mind that it might be profane to enlarge upon what, for very good reasons, was left in so much obscurity and treated with so much brevity. That the subject is a mystery into which angels are scarcely permitted

to look, might suggest that an intrusion upon it is the part of those whom the poet places in antithesis to angels. It is a fact, we believe, that all the great thinkers in theology have been sparing in their speculations on the world to come. Hymn-writers have dedicated a few verses to the glories of the New Jerusalem and the splendours of Paradise; but it has been the peculiar freak of the Oriental mind to map out the regions, and to describe the materials, and to go into the minute details of a Mahomedan Paradise or an Indian Swarga. It has been reserved for Dr. Cumming to career and curvet, with loose rein and undisciplined thought, over those fields which man has never trod, and which man in his present state never can tread. Of all exercises aiming to be religious, that of writing a book of 500 pages on a subject on which there is no experience, no fact, and but the scantiest and most figurative revelation, is the most impractical. The method generally adopted by Dr. Cumming is this—to take a very obvious thought upon the future state, and to amplify it and expand it, and roll it round and round with the most exuberant drapery of verbiage and circumlocution. This is the way in which he speaks of the general resurrection—

Some shall come from the precincts of the Inquisition; from the dungeons of Spain, from the caves of Italy, from the snow drifts of the Cottian Alps where their bones, in the language of Milton, &c. Some shall come forth from the village churchyard, the green sod rolling aside to let them rise; and the rude forefathers of the hamlet shall meet the buried dead of the Catacombs and the Cottian Alps. . . . The great ocean, that sepulchre of buried nations, shall bear quivering through its deepest depths the accents of the Son of Man; and rising from the desert and the silent sea—what a spectacle!—shall be myriads, &c. Austerlitz, Jena, Waterloo, Magenta, Balaklava, shall all throw up their buried dead, &c.

Now, is it lack of charity to suggest that all this fine talk was talked only to show off the preacher's familiarity with Milton, Gray, the *Annual Register*, Mrs. Hemans, and Napoleon's *Midnight Review*? And then that fine touch of the Cottian Alps repeated within the space of six lines! "Oh, that blessed word Mesopotamia!" As the "aged saint" said, "how that blessed word, 'the Cottian Alps,' did comfort my poor soul surely."

Here is another fizzle about the recognition of the saints and their glorification:—

Whatever disease has touched, whatever death has wrestled with, whatever taint of infirmity, imperfection, and decay the Fall has on me, shall all be eliminated and swept away; and I shall recognise the members of my flock, and they will recognise me, and they will remember that I told them these blessed truths.

Can any human being doubt that this passage was written merely to bring in that delicious word "eliminate?"

Perhaps the most characteristic of these lectures is one called *The Citizens of the New Jerusalem*. We do not wish to speak profanely, but it is exactly like what is now called a photographic album—one of those terrible volumes full of little full-length *cartes de visite* which we see on drawing-room tables. If Dr. Cumming chooses to run about the streets of the Apocalyptic city only to dash off a few biographical sketches of those whom he expects to meet there, he may, to be sure, find a precedent in Mr. Barry's picture of the Elysian Fields at the Adelphi, but it was hardly one worth following. We may be thankful, however, that his catalogue of the glorified does not exceed thirty pages; and the impression it will make on most readers is that it will scarcely recommend heaven to persons of taste to find there so great a preponderance of Calvinistic writers. But the catalogue is only composed to show off the talents and reading of the enumerator. We have "Justin Martyr, who conversed with John" [which it is almost impossible that he could have done, or, if he did, the converse was that of a child of two years old with a man aged 100] "and who wrote the most splendid defence of Christianity, addressed to Trypho the Jew." Then follow "Polycarp . . . Augustine, who preached what is called Calvinism . . . the Archbishop of Constantinople with the golden mouth . . . Jerome, and there, too, is Vigilantius" [it must be an expansive heaven which would hold these two] . . . "the illustrious Aleuin . . . Claude of Turin . . . Peter Waldo, Wickliffe . . . the Morning Star," &c. [then we have Wordsworth's stanza done into common metre] . . . "the great, brave, trumpet-tongued Martin Luther . . . and the amiable, the learned, the accomplished Melancthon." And here we get a curious bit of philological information. "His (Melancthon's) name was originally Blackyird" [Blackearth it might have been if he had been an Englishman, Schwarzerde it was, seeing he was a German; but it is only in the tongue of Crown Court that Blackyird could have been invented] "but afterwards turned into the more euphonious name of Melancthon, which is Greek for the same thing." Then come "Ridley, Latimer [Be of good cheer, brother, of course] . . . Crammer, who burnt his unworthy right hand" [which he certainly never did, as Dr. Maitland has shown] . . . "we can't omit Knox . . . Andrew Melville" . . . and so on with about twenty-five sketches of Puritan and Nonconformist divines. Among the ranks of the glorified, Dr. Cumming has exuberant charity enough—and a very pretty piece of clap-trap it is—to hope that even "poor Pio Nono, old, weak, shivering, and descending rapidly to the grave, may in his heart have a little love, in his conscience some light, and some scintillation of the truth." But though Dr. Cumming's heaven is wide enough for the Pope, it is not sufficiently comprehensive to take in one single modern divine of the Church of England. With the exceptions of Wesley and Whitfield, we are not sorry to see that the heaven which Dr. Cumming has the profanity to define contains no Church of England man. Apart, however, from the silly and profane impertinence with which Dr. Cumming takes the throne of the Great Judge, and meters out

* 1. *The Millennial Rest; or, The World as it will be.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., &c. London: Bentley. 1862.

2. *Popular Lectures on "Essays and Reviews,"* &c. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., &c. London: Bentley. 1861.

heaven to his own denomination, and of course damnation to those whom he excludes, who can doubt that he drew up this cloud of witnesses partly to show that he could write as well as the author of the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, and partly to display his acquaintance with Watkins's *Biographical Dictionary*?

But the finest specimen of Dr. Cumming, in his real character, is that in which he runs a parallel between the New Jerusalem and the Great Exhibition of 1862. This lecture is called *The Last and Fearful Exhibition*, and was of course delivered to an audience familiar with those very tedious articles which appear daily in the newspapers, headed "The International Exhibition." Dr. Cumming improves Captain Fowkes' shed in his very best vein. He takes for a text the wonderful and mysterious passage of St. John's Apocalypse:—"And the building of the wall of it was jasper," &c. (Revelation xxi. 18, xxii. 5.) "The reading of this passage suggests contrast." This, by the way, is an impudent preacher's favourite device. If one thing is like another, we are in for a comparison—if not, for a contrast. This last *lógos*, as Aristotle calls it, is inexhaustible; for as there is nothing in heaven or earth, or under the earth, that is not either like or unlike everything else, there are no two things which cannot, for the purpose of comparison or contrast, be lugged together. "The Great Exhibition of 1862, beautiful as it may be, is full of flaws and imperfections; the rains will pierce it [they certainly did a fortnight ago]; the winds will find crannies to enter at; decay will touch it; an earthquake may gulp it down; the hurricane may sweep it away; a single flash of lightning may leave it and all its glory a miserable wreck; a disorderly mob—though there is no reason to anticipate that—may break it up; and decay will lay its ten thousand fingers upon it . . . But this Apocalyptic Exhibition shall last for aye." "Let any of the uninitiated and unartistic go to the Exhibition of 1862 and look upon the exquisite gems, the intricate machinery, the textile fabrics, and he will not understand them. . . As we walk through this Exhibition there will be many we do not know, some disposed to plunder us; many of them in strange dresses. . . But when we shall meet in the House that glows, &c., all there shall speak with one tongue. . . It is predicted that the gates of the Heavenly City shall not be shut. . . The expression is a classical phrase. 'Shut gates' was a declaration of war, and 'Open gates' a technical phrase that proclaimed the existence of peace" [a trifling blunder in a great classical scholar, for people usually think that the use of the Temple of Janus was exactly the opposite of this] . . . "There shall be no more death. . . The most beautiful creations we can examine in the Great Exhibition of all Nations decay while we look at them. The purple of Tyre is all gone" . . . ditto "the Phœnician weavers and the artisans of Memphis" . . . ditto "the looms of Sidon" . . . ditto "the workshops of Nineveh" . . . ditto "the skill of the artisans of Cambyzes, whose factories filled the whole valley of the Euphrates from Nineveh to Persepolis" [Persepolis in the valley of the Euphrates!] . . . ditto "the glory of Venice. The blades of Damascus and Toledo, the carved work of Verbrugger and the lace of Brussels and Valenciennes are fading. Murillo, Raphael, Carlo Dolce, Titian, Praxiteles and Canova are dead. Death, decomposition, decay are everywhere. . . The Prince Consort is dead. . . Death rides on the railway, breathes on the brightest, gathers the fairest. . . but in the New Jerusalem," &c. &c.

There is really nothing to be said of all this wretched clap-trap, but simply that the man who preaches such rubbish prostitutes his office to display his own pretended accomplishments. He uses his pulpit as a platform for showing off his borrowed scholarship and literature, and his encyclopædic stores of learning and general knowledge. His vast erudition is mere humbug. The man who talks about Blackyrd the Reformer—who does not know the use of the gates of Janus—and who places Persepolis on the Euphrates, is a shallow pretender. He knows no more about the Fathers than he does about the geography of Uranus; and when, as in another of his books (*Lectures on Essays and Reviews*), he pretends to an intimate acquaintance with "the Vedas and the Zendavesta," he is guilty of a piece of impudence only equalled by the reckless audacity of the assertion, made in the same volume, that "on all essential truths there is but one common interpretation of the Bible," and that "all sections of the Christian Church, the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Independents, the Wesleyans, the Baptists, all the Christian denominations"—there being of course no such Christian bodies as the Latin and Greek Churches—"all hold one common creed on all that is essential." This is a statement which we abstain from characterizing as it deserves; but it is only unconscious ignorance which makes Dr. Cumming place, as he does in these *Lectures*, the separation of the Greek and Latin Churches in the seventh century, and represent in the same volume Timothy's grandmother as a Christian, and giving the young disciple a Christian education.

EARLY ITALIAN POETS.*

IT has been the task of Mr. Rossetti to construct, as well as to translate, an anthology of the early Italian poets, composed mostly of pieces of decided beauty or interest, but representing

a sufficient number of authors—about sixty besides Dante—to give a good idea of the formation of the national literature and the mutual influences of the leading men who cultivated it. As these lived while Latin was mainly the language of grave and ambitious writers, and while Italian owed its most exquisite cultivation to the promptings of the tender passion, their topics are well known to have been very limited, and the special occasions on which they sang, often obscure and petty. However, it is a peculiar merit in this collection, and especially in the second part (which relates to Dante and his Circle), that the arrangement and headings of the pieces elucidate many poetical correspondences, confidences, discussions, and even sharp alterations (easily lost sight of in the ordinary *canzonieri*) which help much to enliven our enjoyment of the otherwise lulling sweetness of so many musical and erotic poems. On the other hand, the notes to the work are concise and often scanty; and the continuous illustrations (especially as regards the "New Life" of Dante) may be described as better for reference than as introductions. The author is too familiar with his subject to expound it from the beginning, and approaches it with too much reverence to command the assurance, fulness, and outspokenness that would be best suited to allure or encourage novices. But the most interesting questions that arise are, one by one, discussed thoroughly and sensibly; the obscurities of each author in slighter details are often removed by a compact but exegetic rendering into English; and all attainable chronological memoranda, with a few thorough biographical notices, are supplied in a very synoptic form. The poetical versions are skilful and fluent, with more general elegance than would be expected in many metres that are novel or complicated for the English language, and with frequent instances of exquisite euphony. And we must notice more emphatically the close and delicate imitation of the choice measures and cadences of Italian poetry, because we actually perceive in so many instances that, while critics are plausibly balancing the claims of original metres and of those familiar to the English reader upon translators, the latter are showing a strong tendency to run into a base compromise between the two alternatives. This results in their vitiating their own ear and that of the public by the spurious sing-song of "accentual hexameters," orthographical assonances, binary rhymes made to look like *terza-rima*, and sonnets violating all those fine rules of construction which could nearly place a modern rhythm on a par with Horace's *Alcaics*. A singular mastery of this antique and exotic music, with much depth of feeling and with a cautious weighing of the force of words, such as is often opposed to the most ostensible literalism, may be exemplified by the well-known sonnet of Dante's whose burthen is the—

Donna, che fu di sì gaia sembianza.

Weep, Lovers, sith Love's very self doth weep,
And sith the cause of weeping is so great,
When now so many dames, of such estate
In worth, show with their eyes a grief so deep:
For Death, the churl, has laid his leaden sleep
Upon a damsel, who was fair of late—
Defacing all our earth should celebrate,
Yea all, save virtue, which the soul doth keep.
Now hearken how much Love did honour her.
I myself saw him in his proper form
Bending above the motionless sweet dead,
And often gazing into heaven; for there
The soul now sits, which, when her life was warm,
Dwelt with the joyful beauty that is fled.

It must be said that many other lines, which are musical enough when accentuated as they are meant to be, require from the reader an unusual familiarity with the most antique and demi-Norman pronunciation of a portion of our language. Witness the commencement of a very pretty piece by a scarcely-known writer in 1260:—

Among the dancers I beheld her dance,
Her who alone is my heart's sustenance.
So as she danced, I took this wound of her,
Alas! the flower of flowers she did not fall.
Woe's me! I will be Jew and blasphemer,
If the good god of Love do not prevail . . .
Albertuccio della Viola.

Nor can we help admitting that the language of the translations, though generally faithful and simple, wants intensity for several passages, the style of which is more than usually concentrated. There is a grand sonnet attributed to Dante (though Fraticelli allows that the authorship is dubious), which breathes such burning indignation, like that of a enjoined lover, together with ineradicable passion, that we are loth to believe Beatrice can have been the object of it, although we cannot understand that the writer should profess to have taken such wonderful pains to give an immortal name to any other woman of those who won some passing admiration from him. In this state of the case, a well-known writer, whose recent translation of the *Vita Nuova* is before us, has erred, we think, by deliberately putting too mild a construction on the poet's complaints—namely, by writing down "lovely form" without adding "and pernicious" (*la bella e rea costra figura*), and by introducing the soft impeachment of "fair traitor," &c. The following version shows a much truer conception of this most impressive little poem; but we regret to find its effect weakened by such a character-lacking phrase as "fair perverted face of scorn." Mr. Rossetti states distinctly that it must have been written for a lady other than Beatrice, and identifies her conjecturally with "the lady Eletta

* *The Early Italian Poets, from Cuius d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri (1100–1200–1300).* In the original metres, together with Dante's "Vita Nuova," translated by D. G. Rossetti. Part I. Poets chiefly before Dante. Part II. Dante and his Circle. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1861.

degli Scrovigni;" but it can hardly be said the poem resembles any of Dante's:—

My curse be on the day, when first I saw
The brightness in those treacherous eyes of thine,—
The hour, when from my heart thou cam'st to draw
My soul away, that both might fail and pine,—
My curse be on the skill, that smooth'd each line
Of my vain songs, the music and just law
Of art, by which it was my dear design
That the whole world should yield thee love and awe.
Yea, let me curse mine own obduracy,
Which firmly holds what doth itself confound—
To wit thy fair perverted face of scorn:
For whose sake Love is oftentimes forsworn,
So that men mock at him, but most at me
Who would hold Fortune's wheel, and turn it round.

But the adequate rendering of the piece is a task, we imagine, which can only be achieved with high mental powers, assisted by a grievous misunderstanding with the fair sex. It would be uncharitable to regret that that stimulus should appear to have been wanting here.

But the majority of the poems in this book have been like loose pearls, which people have found beautiful and admirable as they came one by one in their way, but have been unable to hold together or carry about with them. It was a novel device when Dante took up some of the number which had slipped through the fingers of Beatrice, and sent through them the thread of narrative, often indeed thin and obscure, which forms the prose of the "New Life," and gave his presents the shape of a jewel more acceptable to goddesses and to women. It was not to have been expected that the resources of a modern editor could enable him to weave another fascinating romance out of similar materials; but the occasions and mutual relations of various poems belonging to "Dante, and his Circle," as investigated or made accessible by Mr. Rossetti, will be recognised with much advantage to their fitness for arresting our attention and dwelling in our memory. With reference to these points we shall give some particulars of the arrangement of the second part of the book before us, and especially of the pieces connected with the *Vita Nova*. And we advisedly give this title in a Latin, not an Italian form, in accordance with the opening sentence, which says, "In that part of the book of my memory before which is little that can be read, there is a rubric saying, *Incipit Vita Nova*." By attending to this clue, we think all doubt may be removed as to the name meaning "New Life" rather than "Early Life," because the latter application of the words would not accord with Latin usage as it perhaps accords with Italian, and because it would be absurd to suppose that Dante pretended to have found in his memory the beginning of his early life, which could only import that he remembered the time of his nativity.

The *Vita Nova* is followed by the well-known sonnet in which it is inscribed to Brunetto Latini (quoted by Cary, at the beginning of his *Vision of Dante*), and by a natural and obvious selection of five pieces from Dante's *Canzoniere*, which "seem to have been written at the same time as the poetry of the above work, and to bear the impress of some special occasion." We regret to find annexed to these the quaint and striking, but less noble sonnet, beginning

Un di sen venne a me Malinconia—

which has been pronounced by Fraticelli spurious for its manifest deficiencies in diction and sentiment, and would be sufficiently condemned even by the unusual manner in which the God of Love is made to fraternise with a mortal. The next sonnet, in which Dante rebukes Cino of Pistoia for his unfaithfulness in love, is followed by the less-known answer of the culprit, excusing himself with a dreary complaint of his sufferings in bereavement and exile, and intimating some addiction to the Platonic religion of worshipping one archetype of Beauty in—"many women, here and there." Then we find Dante, too, in exile, complaining to Cino that he had fallen into base and unpoetical society:—

Love comes not here to any woman's face,
Nor any man here for his sake will sigh,
For unto such "Thou fool" were straightway said.

Cino answers the foregoing sonnet, and prays Dante, in the name of Beatrice, to contribute his great poem. We quit Dante's works for the present with a sonnet headed "Beauty and Duty"—

Due donne in cima della mente mia,

and with his Sestina, which, like the indignation sonnet to which we have alluded further back, is conjecturally headed with the name of the lady Pietra.

Guido Cavalcanti now claims our attention with that interpretation of "Dante's dream related in the first sonnet of the *Vita Nova*" which made him the first friend of the poet. He introduces us to his lady "Monna Vanna," in three fine pieces, and writes to Guido Orlando of a consecrated image resembling her. The other Guido rebukes his profane levity in treating of things connected with the "blessed Mary," and exhorts him to repent and make satisfaction before he sets himself up as a censor of the ecclesiastical order. Cavalcanti next praises the eyes of a certain Mandetta of Toulouse, which resemble those of his own lady, and then reveals his "increasing love for the former" (*scostumato*!) in a dialogue with two other "youthful damozels" of the place. He receives from Dante the well-known sonnet imagining a pleasant voyage with him, Lapo, and their three ladies, and in

answer speaks with shame of his changed love. Then he writes to Dante of Lapo Gianni's success in love, and again of the latter's suspicious behaviour. He complains "of a friend who does not pity his love," and again, presently, "of his pain from a new love." Here Orlando again finds matter to cavil at, because Love, who is blind, has been represented as weeping. Alfani writes to Cavalcanti "on the part of a lady in Pisa." Bernardo da Bologna seems to meet with cordial sympathy from him in confiding his own love affairs. The grave historian Dino Compagni enters the lists to accuse the admired Guido of being a coxcomb without true love or courtesy:—

Only on thine own face thou turn'st thine eyes;
And think'st, as rosy moths are drawn with flame,
To draw the women from the balconies.

Guido, on the other hand, rebukes Dante "for his way of life after the death of Beatrice"—whether at the very same period, and for the same sins with which Beatrice charges him in the Terrestrial Paradise, as Mr. Rossetti seems to think, or for a mere moping, studious habit, which a gay man of the world may have found more heinous, is an open question. Certainly he says there is a *spirito nojoso* in him, which expression we do not find rendered clearly.

Next is a ballata of a "shepherd maid," with whom the course of love, whether of the truest or not, ran smooth enough for Guido by his own telling. Then a discourteous sonnet to an "ill-favoured lady," a charitable admonition to a rich neighbour, a fierce political address to Pope Boniface, &c. In the topics of this medley we find indications of Cavalcanti's versatility, and in the style abundant evidence of subtlety and intellectual power; but the selection takes little account of his formal and metaphysical expositions of the unsubstantial philosophy which, with so many of his colleagues, he strove to build on the foundation of fine amorous sentiments and chivalric manners. The editor, it must be allowed, has no predilection for what he calls the "perversity of a logician;" yet he examines carefully the tradition of Guido's heresies, and comes to the conclusion that there is to the full as much devotional as sceptical tendency implied in his writings, while the presence of either is very rare:—

But, indeed, he seems to have been in all things of that fitful and vehement nature which would impress others always strongly, but often in opposite ways. Self-reliant pride gave its colour to all his moods. . . . The writings of his contemporaries, as well as his own, tend to show him rash in war, fickle in love, and presumptuous in belief; but also, by the same concurrent testimony, he was distinguished by great personal beauty, high accomplishments of all kinds, and daring nobility of soul. Not unworthy, for all the weakness of his strength, to have been the object of Dante's early emulation, the first friend of his youth, and his precursor and fellow-labourer in the creation of Italian Poetry.—*Introduction to Part II.*

Such views have probably been affected by four *canzoni* which are ascribed to Cavalcanti in the later editions only, and which Mr. Rossetti has placed under his name with some admitted hesitation. Of these, the Dispute with Death and the Lament over the passions of his youth are devout and solemn. The other two are not less remarkable, and have been finely rendered into English. The Song against Poverty indicates sentiments anything but stoical with regard to that condition, though the effusion, like one of Giotto's in the Appendix, might have had its uses in the time of the Franciscan mania. The Song of Fortune reminds us forcibly of Virgil's discourse on the same personage in the seventh canto of Dante's *Inferno*.

The specimens of Cino of Pistoia exhibit considerable variety, beginning with his very rose-colour interpretation of the *Vita Nova* dream, and comprising beautiful elegies on Selvaggia, his own lady, and sympathetic laments for Beatrice Portinari. In one sonnet, "Dante, quando per caso s'abbandona," he propounds a somewhat obscure question to Dante, which Mr. Rossetti thinks the latter answered in that Latin epistle of his to Cino, which is still extant. If this be the case, the poetical inquirer may have felt himself terribly snubbed through the abstruse scholastic form in which Dante, *quâ* philosopher, has answered him; but we suspect that the letter and the sonnet refer to different questions. Further on, Cino "impugns the verdicts of Dante's Comedy," and elsewhere vindicates himself from a charge of plagiarism preferred by Cavalcanti—alleging that the latter has nothing worth stealing. Among the remaining poets of Dante's circle, one half of the selections from Dante da Majano, and the majority of those from Cecco Angiolieri, seem chiefly introduced to enlarge our notions of the powers of the early erotic poets in such wise that we may not fancy them quite incapable of indulging in slang and virulence. The same may be said of the sonnets in the Appendix, which are treated as having been possibly written by Dante and Forese Donati, the evidences being discussed with coolness and dexterity.

Mr. Rossetti says, "The introduction of such matter, needed as it is by the literary aim of my work, is, I know, inconsistent with the principles of pretty book-making. My wish has been to give a full and truthful view of early Italian poetry; not to make it appear to consist only of certain elements to the exclusion of others." The plea could, perhaps, have been urged more consistently if he had had the patience to illustrate the most pedantic and the most conceit-abounding styles in use among his authors, as by commenting on Guido's canzone—

Donna mi priega perch' io voglio dire,

or one of his more pneumatologic or pneumatidiologic sonnets.

We have not entered into particulars respecting the poems in the first part of the volume, which would have drawn us into too

many isolated discussions. The chronological limits of the selection, which should not have stretched beyond Dante's lifetime, are only overstepped to admit a few pretty and diverting catches by Sacchetti, and for the sententious old Squire of Dames, Barberino. The series of love poems is amusingly broken by some "travellers' tales," taken from the *Dittamondo* of Fazio degli Uberti, who will be found hazarding statements about Great Britain, from which it would seem to have been as dimly known to his fellow-citizens as the country of the Fans is to us:—

Now this I saw not; but so strange a thing
It was to hear, and by all men confirmed,
That it is fit to note it as I heard:
To wit, there is a certain islet here
Among the rest, where folk are born with tails,
Short as are found in stags and suchlike beasts.

For this I vouch, that when a child is freed
From swaddling bands, the mother, without stay,
Passes away and leaves the care of it.

THE LATER ATHENIAN SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE AT HALICARNASSUS.

(Second Notice.)

WHATEVER opinion may be formed of the success of Mr. Newton and his architectural colleague, Mr. Pullan, in their attempt to "restore" the design of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, no one will dispute that a most important addition has been made to our acquaintance with ancient Greek sculpture, in the recovery of the undoubted works of Scopas and others which adorned that world-famous monument. The passage of Pliny which we mentioned in our former notice of Mr. Newton's book, tells us that the sculptors Scopas, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, were associated in the bas-reliefs of the Mausoleum, and that the quadriga at the top of the pyramid was the work of Pythios. Pliny further records that Scopas sculptured the east side, Bryaxis the north, Timotheus the south, and Leochares the west sides of the monument. So that if any sculptures are found *in situ*, or so fallen as that their original position in the building can be identified, it is evident that we can credit such works or fragments to their respective artists. This Mr. Newton has done in the case of Scopas with great skill and ingenuity. To take first, however, the masterpiece of Pythios—the chariot and the figure of Mausolus and his attendant goddess or genius, which are, of course, works in the round. The statue of Mausolus, which came to England in sixty-three separate fragments, has since been put together, and is found to be perfect with the exception of the arms and one foot. Of the head, Mr. Newton gives us a very beautiful drawing. From the general type of the features he concludes that this noble head is "an example of the ideal portrait, in which the artist sought to give a divine or heroic character, while preserving the traits of individual likeness." This, we think, is a very just criticism. The configuration of the forehead and eyebrows in this head is very marked and characteristic. Mr. Newton elsewhere declares that this singular cast of features resembles no other type to be found in Hellenic art. He thus describes it:—

The hair, springing upwards from the forehead, falls in thick waves on each side of the face; the beard is short and close; the face square and massive; with proportions somewhat shorter and broader than those usually observable in Greek art; the eyes, deeply set under overhanging brows, have a full and majestic gaze; the mouth is well formed, with a set calm about the lips, indicating decision of character and the habit of command: both the form and features are those of a man in the prime of life.

After describing the grand repose and fine drapery of this figure, Mr. Newton admits that the head is rather too large for the body, and that in the general proportions there is some deviation from the standard of the highest ideal art. The effigy of the goddess who acted as charioteer is chiefly remarkable for its superb drapery. "General breadth and grandeur of effect is combined with an extraordinary refinement and delicacy in execution. Each fold is traced home to its origin and wrought to its full depth." These are pregnant words, which should be written up in every sculptor's studio. This statue has, unfortunately, lost its head, both arms below the elbow, and one foot. The other foot, however, remains, and is justly reckoned a most precious fragment, when it is remembered how few examples of hands or feet, finished with the exquisite skill of the earlier Greek sculptors, have been preserved to us. The other fragments of the quadriga of Pythios, now to be seen in the British Museum, belong to the colossal horses. Mr. Newton claims for them the merits of consummate knowledge of form and sustained grandeur of style. It appears that all the parts which could be seen from below were finished with great care, while the rest of the horses' bodies was only roughly wrought. It is remarkable that the manes in this example are not hogged, as in the well-known horses of the Parthenon, but hang in irregular flakes in a much more picturesque manner than is common in early Greek sculpture. It is difficult enough to form any opinion on these most interesting works, as they are buried at present in the sheds under the great portico of the Museum. But they are well worth patient study. There are many other mutilated fragments of sculpture in the round, which come probably from detached figures, equestrian or otherwise, which must have been meant for the adornment of the lower parts of the Mausoleum. In particular, Mr. Newton describes the torso of an equestrian figure, which he considers a masterpiece of modelling, and "one of the finest examples of ancient sculpture which

has come down to us." Besides these, some twenty lions, highly conventionalised, but full of force and beautifully varied in expression and attitude, have been recovered in various states of mutilation. These were sculptured in Pentelic marble.

We now come to the sculptures in relief. The explorers found portions of three friezes, and a series of reliefs in panels. The principal frieze, that of the order, represents the war between the Greeks and the Amazons. It is this series which Mr. Falkener has discussed in his *Dædalus*. The relief is very salient, many of the limbs being in the round, and the boldest foreshortening and deep undercutting being used. Mr. Newton, with the pardonable prejudice of a discoverer, professes a perhaps exaggerated admiration for these sculptures. But, in spite of the extreme animation and vigour of the groups, the varied incidents of the combat, and the great technical skill displayed in every part, the general effect is, we think, one of incipient debasement. Mr. Newton himself admits that, when "tried by the standard of the school of Phidias," the style of this frieze may be considered a little strained and overwrought. He continues:—

In short, this composition, if compared with similar subjects, as treated by Phidias, seems less Ethical and more Pathetic. Moreover, in the representations of the Amazons, forms occur which seem rather too voluptuous for such a heroic type, and we may here detect the first germs of that sensual element, which gained so powerful an ascendancy in the later schools of art, but of which we have no trace in the school of Phidias.

The last observation, which is a very important one, must occur to every one who examines the excellent lithographic illustrations given of some of the slabs of this frieze of the order. Undoubtedly this characteristic is sufficient to place the school of Scopas and his colleagues in an inferior position, when compared with the pure ideal art of the sculpture of the Parthenon. Mr. Newton attributes the seven most remarkable slabs of this frieze to Scopas himself, on the ground of their having been found among the ruins on the eastern side of the quadrangle of the Mausoleum. Other fragments show an inferior style of modelling, and belong probably to other hands. But whether Bryaxis, Timotheus, or Leochares is to have the credit of them, there is no evidence to show. Of the second frieze, the remains are more mutilated, and less numerous. The subject of these alto-reliefs seems to be a Centauro-machia; and it is supposed, from their boldness and scale, that they must have been placed at a considerable distance from the eye. The third frieze, representing a race of chariots, is carved in mezzo-relievo, the treatment being very flat, as in the frieze of the Parthenon.

It is not necessary to examine Mr. Newton's theories with respect to the general iconology or choice of subjects for sculptural decoration in the enrichment of the Mausoleum. That such well-worn subjects as the Amazonomachia and the Centauro-machia were reproduced on that monument probably shows nothing more than that the ancient sculptors, like their modern brethren, were hard put to it to find anything novel in their mythological or allegorical compositions. It is more curious and important to examine whether the comparison of the works of these fine contemporary sculptors from Halicarnassus will enable us to distinguish with certainty any special characteristics of this particular school of Greek art. Mr. Newton well observes that such an inquiry must be pursued negatively, rather than positively. He begins, for instance, by pointing out what the style of these sculptures is not like, in order to be able to arrive at a definition of what it is like. Guided, as he says, more by a kind of feeling and instinct than by any conscious logical process, Mr. Newton expresses his belief that the sculptures of the Mausoleum have a distinct and original character of their own, unlike that of the Elgin marbles on the one hand, and on the other hand free from the mannered conventionalism, and from the "repetition and adaptation of favourite types and motives," which are to be observed in the art of a later period. The following criticism is able and very instructive:—

The qualities which distinguish the works of Phidias from those of all other artists, are sublimity and repose. In the sculptures of the Parthenon, form seems the result of a generalisation so profound, that in contemplating the pedimental figures, we almost forget that they are the product of human thought, and executed by mortal hands; they seem, as has been said of some of the works of Michael Angelo, to reveal to us the very archetypes of form, such as we might conceive to dwell in the mind of a divine creator. The impression which we receive from the sculptures of the Mausoleum is less elevating. We are surprised and delighted with the richness and variety of invention shown in the composition; our hearts are stirred within us by the liveliness and truth of the action represented; but the admiration thus called forth does not so absorb and overpower our minds, as to make us lose sight of the artist in the transcendent excellence of his work. The sculptures of the Mausoleum, in a word, though perhaps more generally attractive than the works of Phidias, affect the mind less deeply, and exhibit an inferior ideal of form, the necessary result of a less-exalted subject matter. On the other hand, if we compare these same sculptures with other celebrated works which have been preserved to us from antiquity, we shall find, perhaps, nowhere such a combination of rare qualities; such energy in the action; such earnest pathos and majesty in the expression; such mastery of execution; such directness and singleness of aim in the artist, freed from all affectation and mannerism. If it were possible to sum up all these qualities in a single epithet, I would say that it is the predominance of the dramatic element which forms the main characteristic of the sculptures of the Mausoleum, and which, if we view them without reference to the works of Phidias, must be accounted their distinctive excellence.

There can be no doubt of the great importance of these specimens of the later Athenian School of Sculpture, which have been recovered from the ruins of Halicarnassus. Dismissing the unsupported statement of Vitruvius, that Praxiteles himself helped Scopas in the sculptures of the Mausoleum, we had previously no

knowledge of the distinctive characteristics of this later school, except what could be gleaned from the testimony of ancient critics, or from the evidence of such extant monuments as are supposed to be copies, more or less accurate, of lost originals. But now, for the first time, we have some undoubted works of the Greek *Pathetic* school revealed to us. We use this technical word, as a very convenient distinction of the works of the later Athenian sculptors, in contradistinction to the *Ethical* school of Phidias and his contemporaries. Mr. Newton proceeds to discourse about some of the copies of works of this later Greek school, which are preserved in European galleries. He is almost inclined to recognise an original work of Scopas in a Niobid which is now in the Vatican; and one of Leochares, in the relief of Leda and the Swan, in the British Museum. Bryaxis and Timotheus are still *nominis umbra*; but from the statues of Mausolus himself and of his horses, we may know more of Pythios than of any great sculptor of old, except Phidias himself. And further, assuming this portrait of Mausolus to be one of the earliest attempts to idealise actual portraiture, we may take it as marking the epoch at which the *Pathetic* school of ancient sculpture began to pass into the further stage of decline, which may be called the *Realistic* school of Lysippus.

These important works, which form the latest additions to the gallery of the British Museum, will be scarcely understood or appreciated by ordinary observers, without the aid of Mr. Newton's valuable criticism. It only remains to mention that there are abundant proofs, that not only the sculptures, but the architectural details, of the Mausoleum were originally coloured. It seems that the whole of the marble was toned down with a coat of varnish and wax, the grounds painted blue, and the mouldings red. Of the sculptures in the round, one seated figure exhibited, on being first discovered, very considerable remains of purple colouring on the drapery. Two of the lions also bore traces of polychrome—the limbs of a tawny red, and the tongue of the natural colour. So again, the frieze of the order was grounded in ultramarine, with the flesh of a dun red, and the draperies and armour picked out in colour. The horses' bridles were of metal, as was also the case in the Parthenon. These are very significant facts. We shall look with interest to the effect which Mr. Gibson's coloured Venus, if it is to adorn the International Exhibition, will have in reconciling English critics and connoisseurs to the use of polychrome in sculpture.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Swabian "Last of the Barons," Götz von Berlichingen, has found a biographer in one of his descendants.* Its bulk is measured more perhaps according to the compiler's veneration for his ancestor than the intrinsic interest of the subject. It comprises, in a bulky volume, the record of all that it is given to man to know concerning Götz with the Iron Hand and his descendants. The short autobiography, upon which Goethe founded his well-known drama, comes first. Then follows an enormous collection of deeds, documents, and correspondence relating to the innumerable feuds in which this last representative of German chivalry was involved. After this, are printed at length all the records of the long trial to which Götz was subjected under the charge of having headed the insurrection of the peasants in Swabia and the neighbouring circles. The editor is of opinion that they entirely exonerate him from that disgraceful charge; and he expresses his views very plainly upon the moral condition of those who come to an opposite conclusion. This, however, was not the opinion formed by his judges at the time, who sentenced him to expiate his offence by staying quietly at home, and taking part in no more quarrels for the space of ten years. After this, we have done with Götz proper, and come to those subjects which derive their glory from his reflected light. First comes the Iron Hand, which he had made for himself after he had lost his own right hand at the battle of Landshut, and which enabled him to wield a sword with as much effect as heretofore. The author has given his especial attention to this piece of mechanism, which is still in the possession of the family, and which for its age was no doubt a remarkable achievement of mechanical skill. The biographer gives a detailed description of it, illustrated by very elaborate drawings of all the pieces that go to compose it. Next follows a "chaplet," or collection of specimens from all the poetry which has had the honour of being inspired by a contemplation of Götz of Berlichingen. Of course this includes only specimens, or it would have been necessary to reprint the whole of Goethe's play. The whole collection is closed by a history, careful and elaborate as all the other portions of the work, of the descendants who have rendered the name of Berlichingen illustrious in later times. That nothing may be omitted from this full view of the Berlichingen family, the author subjoins a list of some hundred and fifty noble families with whom his own has intermarried. It is impossible to deny to the compiler of this bulky tome the praise of industry. When the reader has made himself master of it from the beginning to the end, he may flatter himself that he knows all that he is ever likely to know concerning the illustrious House of Berlichingen.

Dr. Barth has published the first fruits of his African researches

* *Geschichte des Ritters Götz von Berlichingen, mit der eisernen Hand.* Von F. W. Götz, Graf von Berlichingen-Kossach. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

into the science of language, in the form of a collection of *Vocabularies*.* The dangers and hardships he had to incur in the course of his explorations, have necessarily given a fragmentary character to his researches. He complains, also, with some bitterness, that some natives whom he brought over to Europe specially for the purpose of extracting from them their vocabularies, were stolen away from him by some brother philologists, jealous of his fame. Notwithstanding these hindrances, however, the collection, so far as hitherto published, comprises, more or less fully, the elements of nine languages. The vocabularies are preceded by an introduction describing the difficulties under which they were collected, and the author's grounds for differing upon a number of minute points with previous writers. It is unfortunate that he should have been driven, in his own belief, and possibly in reality, to add another to the legion of alphabets which have been already invented by various students to express the sounds of unwritten languages.

M. du Bois-Reymond, under a strong sense of the extent of this evil, has published a remedy, in the shape of a treatise on pronunciation, entitled *Cadmus, or the Science of the Universal Alphabet from a Physical, Physiological, and Graphic Stand-point*†. The reform he proposes is anything but superficial. He is not satisfied with patching up the conventional system of alphabetical writing, so as to adapt it to the needs of the unwritten languages. He maintains that, on pure physical and physiological principles, the whole existing system of pronunciation and spelling is unsound; and proceeds to deduce another logically from a consideration of the shape of the mouth and the lips and respiratory apparatus, and the nature of the atmospheric vibrations under the influence of sound. The result, as may be imagined, is a collection of hieroglyphics, compared to which the cuneiform inscriptions look manageable and easy. What the pronunciation may be like which they are intended to represent, it is not of course easy to imagine; but it must be something very marvellous in its nature, inasmuch as the book is dedicated to the use, among others, of the teachers of the deaf and dumb.

The first volume of a history of music,‡ by M. August Ambros, has been published at Breslau. It is an erudite and painstaking work, written with genuine enthusiasm for the art; and of course it is only interesting to like-minded readers. It requires a special intellectual preparation to enjoy a discussion on Hypophrygian and Mixo-Lydian scales. The present volume deals with the music of antiquity, ranging over China, India, Arabia, Phœnicia, Egypt, and Greece. In the case of India and Arabia, the author is able to produce modern melodies in illustration of what the ancient melodies were like. In the case of Greece, he is only able to construct hypothetical tunes to display the effect of the rules which Greek musicians laid down, and which have been preserved in extant authors.

The *Recollections of a Jesuit Pupil*,§ which have been just published by Brockhaus without any author's name, do not offer the same full-flavoured reading which a book with the same title might be safely relied upon to furnish in England. The author is necessarily a convert, or his recollections would never have appeared; but though he describes himself as an Evangelical pastor in Prussia, the book is written without bitterness, and apparently without exaggeration. The account he gives of the plan of education followed in the Jesuit College is exceedingly minute, and enables the reader to form a judgment of the general system upon which their order is worked. The general result of his testimony is, that the Jesuits are neither disfigured by the vices, nor endowed with the powers, which the imagination of their adversaries attributes to them. They seem to be a kindly, well-meaning set of people, full of superstition, wholly incapable of rising above the worn-out traditions of policy which have come down from the better days of their order, fond of small power and of a petty, old-womanish kind of intrigue, but wholly free from the darker vices which it is the custom to impute to them as a body. The learning of their colleges is at its lowest ebb. They are neither able to command the services of good teachers, nor does their choice of subjects keep pace with the necessities of the day. Their discipline, so far as the object of preventing misconduct goes, is very successful. It is very strict, relying much upon confession and espionage. Of confession the author has two or three good stories to tell. Among others, there is an account of how he and his brothers and sisters used to assemble when children, to prepare for their quarterly confession—how laboriously they racked their memories to furnish a decent catalogue of sins—how triumphantly each of them called out, "Oh! I've got another!" when he was fortunate enough to add to his list—and how they often were obliged to eke them out by copying from each other's lists—an offence which was sure to be found out. The religious mortifications practised are very severe—scourging, maceration, fasting, and public humiliations. In diversifying the modes of inflicting the latter, they seem to show considerable ingenuity. A favourite practice at the College at Rome was to crawl under the whole length of the refectory table, on all fours, and to kiss the Principal's boots as he sat at the other end. But

* *Sammlung und Bearbeitung Central-Afrikanischer Vocabularien.* Von H. Barth. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

† *Cadmus, oder Allgemeine Alphabetik.* Von F. H. du Bois-Reymond. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Geschichte der Musik.* Von A. W. Ambros. Erster Band. Breslau: Leuckart. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

§ *Erinnerungen eines ehemaligen Jesuitenzüglings.* Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

this class of public humiliations was inflicted with equal severity on the very highest. Even Father Passaglia, having been guilty of some incivility in a disputation, was made to lie at full length across the refectory door, so that every one coming in was forced to step over his body.

Dr. Strauss is not discouraged by the unpopularity into which his famous system of disbelief has fallen, into any remission of his literary activity. Two new works of his lie before us—one directly, the other only incidentally, directed towards the general object of his life-long exertions. The first* is a renewed attack upon Christianity, strictly following the fashion that has been set in England by those who adopt a hostile attitude to the dominant religion. Dr. Strauss does not, on this occasion, write his attack in his own name, though of course he makes no secret of his opinions; but he makes a comment on the opinions of a predecessor holding the same views serve the purpose of an Essay against Christianity. The writer whose works he selects as a text is Reimarus, the contemporary of Lessing. The works of Reimarus were first given partially to the world after his death, in an anonymous form, by Lessing, under the title of the *Wolfenbützel Fragments*. As is well known, they created a violent sensation at the time, and drew down upon Lessing no little persecution; but the real author was never traced till a great many years after Lessing's death. The reason for the secrecy which was observed was, that the children of Reimarus refused to allow Lessing to publish the MS. their father had left, unless the authorship was concealed—fearing, apparently, the certain damage to themselves. Dr. Strauss does not give the book entire; but he gives the pith of Reimarus's Criticisms on the Bible, accompanied with a running comment of his own. The work is a curious one—the more so that its original author did not think it worth while or safe to publish it in his lifetime. He was Hebrew Professor at Hamburg; and, having been brought up under Fabricius, whose son-in-law he was, he was a considerable scholar. Hebrew does not appear to have been so popular a study that his time was engrossed by his official duties, and he devoted his leisure to theological research. His *Apology*, of which Dr. Strauss gives the analysis in the volume before us, was originally written, as Reimarus himself records, merely for the relief of his own conscience; but he wholly declined the urgent instances of many of his friends to give it to the public so long as he lived to incur the consequences. He frankly confessed that he did not think it worth while to endure inevitable ruin for the sake of dissipating the self-delusions of so self-deluding a race as mankind. So the book only remained—what it was at first—a relief for his own individual conscience. It must be confessed that he had a singular notion of the best mode of relieving consciences. The solace which he found most effective in allaying his spiritual distress was to write a savage invective against all the prominent characters in the Old and New Testament. According to the description of them which, for the relief of his conscience, Reimarus drew up, the Patriarchs would have been discreditably conspicuous even in a *Neugate Calendar*. Abraham, when an old man, transferred his wife to Abimelech on loan, and then invented the story of the three angels to account for the results. Lot, far from being a righteous man, took up his residence in the city which vexed his righteous soul for reasons on which it is better not to dilate. Jacob is taken roughly to task for marrying his living wife's sister; and Moses was an impostor, instructed by his priestly father-in-law in the art of shamming inspiration. The critic is also very indignant with his cowardice, because, though he was fierce enough when there was an Israelitish sedition to repress, yet when there was any fighting to be done he left it all to Joshua, and himself stood aside to pray. It is needless to say that upon the more favourite subjects of this kind of criticism—the Canaanite wars and the conduct of David on various occasions—he expatiates with unabated good-will. His opinion of the personages whose history is recorded in the New Testament is in no way more favourable. It is impossible, without profanity, to give any idea of the picture he draws of the Author of the religion he is assailing. Suffice it to say that, according to Reimarus, the whole thing was one vast conspiracy of a treasonable character, of which the Romans were quite right to take notice. St. John the Baptist was a principal confederate; and the dumb, and the lame, and the blind, who were cured, were all confederates in a subordinate position. The rest of the Apostles, including even St. Paul, were art and part in the same conspiracy. Such are the most prominent positions of the work which Reimarus composed for the relief of his conscience, and which he certainly never destined for publicity during his life. Even Dr. Strauss cannot go quite so far, and is obliged occasionally to suggest qualifications of the extreme and passionate criticism of his author. In truth, his admiration for Reimarus and his affection for his own mythology come into perplexing collision. It is obvious that, if all these stories are true, though partial, records of the doings of a number of very wicked persons, they cannot be mere myths. But whatever there is of argument in them is based upon the same axiom as that upon which Dr. Strauss himself proceeds. Both the authors maintain that departures from the order of nature are intrinsically impossible. That is their first principle, which they neither condescend to prove nor will suffer to be questioned; and by it they try all religious systems. That Christianity must fall under such a trial is obvious at first sight; and all the sub-

sidary sarcasms might have been spared. Though in most things more violent, Reimarus is, however, superior to his commentator and successor in one important point. He is not nearly so liberal as Dr. Strauss in showering imputations of hypocrisy upon the vast majority of the world who differ with him.

The other work which Dr. Strauss has published is a collection of small essays contributed at various times to periodical literature.* They are upon all sorts of subjects, but chiefly biographical. The author professes to have published them for the purpose of convincing the public that he was capable of writing and thinking about something else besides theology. Among the biographies are those of Ludwig Bauer, August Schlegel, Immerman, Spittler, and other less notable persons. There are also three criticisms upon painters and sculptors, and one defence of himself for not admiring the ninth symphony of Beethoven. They do not form a very striking book. They represent the results of a good deal of reading, but there is nothing fascinating in the style. Dr. Strauss' whole strength lies in astonishing the reader. As soon as he turns to a subject where he cannot keep the reader's interest alive by questioning something that had never been questioned before, the flavour of his style has evaporated.

For some time it has been a subject of contention between the enthusiasts for High-German and the enthusiasts for Low-German, whether the one or the other edition of *Agricola's Proverbs* was the oldest. As the book was published in the early part of the sixteenth century, and no discussion upon the matter arose till two centuries later, there is abundant room for a lively controversy. The difficulty of the case is complicated by the fact that the title of one of the earliest known editions contains words borrowed from both dialects. Dr. Latendorf has published a contribution † to the High-German side of the controversy, and has accompanied it with a general dissertation upon proverb-collections in general. It will not be of much use to the English reader, unless he is very strong in "platt-deutsch."

* *Kleine Schriften biographischen, literar- und kunst-geschichtlichen Inhalts.* Von David Friedrich Strauss. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

† *Agricola's Sprichwörter: ihr hochdeutscher Ursprung und ihr Einfluss auf die deutschen und niederländischen Sammler.* Von F. Latendorf. Schwerin: Bärensprung. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

EXETER HALL.

May 14th, May 20th, and June 4th, 1862.

MR. MITCHELL begs to announce that he has been requested by Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt to make arrangements for the Performance of Three Oratorios, "The Messiah," "The Creation," and "Elijah," which will take place in Exeter Hall respectively, in behalf of the following benevolent Institutions:—

1. Wednesday Evening, May 14th.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

In Aid of the Hindu Street and other Institutions and other Establishments for the Relief of Needlewomen of London.

2. Wednesday Evening, May 20th.

"THE CREATION," by HAYDN.

In behalf of the Brompton Consumption Hospital.

3. Wednesday Evening, June 4th.

MENDELSSEHN'S "ELIJAH."

In support of the Royal Society of Musicians and the Royal Society of Female Musicians.

The principal Vocal parts in these Performances will be sustained by

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT;

Miss PALMER;

Mr. SIMS REEVES;

Mr. W. H. WEISS;

and

Signor BELLETTI.

The BAND and CHORUS will be complete, comprising upwards of 500 Performers.

Conductor, Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

Centre Reserved and Numbered Seats . . . One Guinea.

Sides of the Area Reserved and Numbered . . . Half-a-Guinea.

West Gallery . . . Half-a-Guinea.

Back of Area . . . Seven Shillings.

Seats will be appropriated according to priority of application. Orders received on and after Monday, April 24th. Applications to be made at

Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23 Old Bond Street;

Messrs. Addison & Lums, Regent Street; Messrs. Craner, Beale and Wood's, and Messrs. Hammond's, Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell's, Duke's Cock and Hutchings', Haywood and Crew's, Hockham's, Evers', and Olivier's, Bond Street; Mr. Sans', St. James's Street; and Messrs. Keith and Fowler's, Chancery.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Vining. From the great success of the present performance, the production of the *Winter Extravaganza* is postponed. First appearance of Miss Herbert, since her severe indisposition. On Easter Monday and during the week, "Under the Rose," Mr. Ashley and Miss Kate Terry. After which, "Friends or Foes," Messrs. George Vining, Dewar, F. Charles, W. H. Stephens, Belmont, Frank Matthews, Messrs. Frank Matthews, F. Bomer, Hinchman, and Miss Herbert. To conclude with "The Boarding School," Messrs. Ashley, Belmont, Dewar, F. Charles, Messrs. Frank Matthews, Kate Terry, Hinchman, Miss Herbert, &c. Commence half-past 7. Acting Manager, Mr. J. Kinsch.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.—LEOTARD EVERY

EVENING until the 30th of April. Grand Morning Performances each Wednesday and Saturday at Two, until the same date. The Last Performances of Leotard will positively be on Wednesday morning and Wednesday evening, the 30th of April, being the 300th and concluding representation.

* *Hermann Samuel Reimarus und seine Schutzschrift für die vernünftigen Verehrer Gottes.* Von David Friedrich Strauss. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

WILJALBA FRIKELL at the **ST. JAMES'S HALL**. Every Evening at 8. Saturday Afternoon at 2.

JOACHIM HALLE, PIATTI, SANTLEY and FLORENCE LANCIA at the **MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS**. St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening next, April 22nd. The programme will include Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique for Piano-forte Solo, the celebrated Kreutzer Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin, and Bach's Chaconne for Violin Solo. Sofa Stalls, 2s. Balcony, 3s. Admission 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, and at Austin's, 18 Piccadilly.

MUSICAL UNION—JOACHIM, PIATTI, and HALLE are engaged for the first Matinée of the eighteenth season, Tuesday, April 22nd, at St. James's Hall. The Programme will include works by Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. Members, who have not received their Tickets, are requested to communicate with the Director, 18 Hanover Square. Subscriptions for the Eight Matinées, Two Guineas, payable to Cramer, Beale, & Wood; Chappell & Co.; Ashdown & Farry; and

J. ELLA, Director.

HANDEL FESTIVAL, 23rd, 25th, and 27th JUNE. Vouchers issued for Stalls will be exchanged for Tickets on and after Wednesday next, 23rd April.

Tickets for Stalls may also be had without Vouchers. Half-a-Guinea Tickets will also be on Sale, but early application for these is requisite, the number being limited. The Offices at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall, are open daily, from Ten till Five o'clock.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Council's Report and to distribute the amount subscribed for the purchase of works of art, will be held at the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on TUESDAY, April 22nd, at half-past 11 for 12 o'clock, by the kind permission of BENJAMIN WATMAN, Esq. The receipt for the current year will procure admission for members and friends.

No. 416 West Strand.

GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Secs.

LEWIS POOCK

SEASON TICKETS for the **INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION**.—Purchasers of these Tickets at the Central Ticket Office, EXETER HALL, enjoy the advantage of residing there with a neatly engraved plan of the Building and Gardens, showing position of Great Orchestra erected for the opening day, Courts, &c. Orders by post should have post-office order payable to John Morrison, 2 Exeter Hall. Season Tickets should now be taken out as early as possible.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—A POPULAR GUIDE to the **INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION**, with Plans of the Building, will be published early in May by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. It will be sold for One Shilling, and will be so compiled as to enable visitors to obtain all objects of interest, and will give all necessary and interesting information, avoiding useless details and statistics. A few Advertisements will be inserted. For Terms and Particulars apply to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 10 Strand, London.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—SEASON TICKETS may be obtained on personal application at the Offices of the Exhibition Building, South Kensington (near the Eastern Dome). Price 3 Guineas and 5 Guineas each. The latter entitles the owner to an immediate admission to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, including the Flower Shows, Fêtes, and Promenades. Cases for preserving the Season tickets may be obtained at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each. Applications through the post should be addressed to F. R. Sandford, Esq., Secretary, International Exhibition, London, W., and must be accompanied by Post Office Orders payable to J. J. Mayo, Esq., at the Post Office, Charing Cross. Cheques or Country Notes will not be received.

Season tickets may also be obtained at

The Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington, W.

South Kensington Museum, W.

The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Crystal Palace Ticket Office, 3 Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly, W.

Milard's Library, 35 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

Sams' Library, 1 St. James's Street, S.W.

Westerton's Library, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Letts, Son, & Co., 9 Royal Exchange, E.C.

Keith, Frowse, & Co., 48 Chesapeake, E.C.

J. Mitchell, 33 Bond Street, W.

H. W. Oliver, 19 Old Bond Street, W.

W. W. Marshall, 19 Old Bond Street, near Marble Arch, W.

Cramer, Beale, & Wood, 201 Regent Street, W.

Chappell & Co., 49 New Bond Street, W.

Shaw & Co., 27 Southampton Row, Kingsland Square, W.C.

J. Roberts, 3 Arabelle Row, Fimlico, S.W.

Thomas Agnew & Sons, Exchange Street, Manchester, and Liverpool and

London Chancery Exchange, Liverpool.

Rice's Library, 123 Mount Street, Berkeley Square, W.

Folthorpe's Royal Library, North Street, Brighton.

HATTS & SON, New Agents, 186 Strand, W.C., and the Book Stalls at the principal Railway Stations.

INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR, 1862, Exhibition Road, South Kensington.—A BUILDING of large dimensions, consisting of a central hall, and two wings, with capacious galleries, is in rapid course of erection on the space of ground in Exhibition Road, nearly opposite the grand entrance under the Eastern Dome of the International Exhibition, and the entrance to the Royal Horticultural Gardens.

The proprietor of the land is erecting this Building for the purpose of affording exhibitors in the Exhibition, as well as others, an opportunity of selling articles of manufacture principally of a portable character. Sales not being permitted in the Exhibition. Plans of the space to be let, with the tariff, can be seen at the offices at the building. Rough counters will be provided for Exhibitors.

The utmost exertion will be made to make the International Bazaar worthy of public support: the Bazaar will be opened and closed contemporaneously with the Exhibition of 1862. Intending applicants are invited to inspect the progress of the building, and to apply for further information to the Superintendent.

THE PICTURE OF "THE RAILWAY STATION." By W. F. FARR, R.A., will be ON VIEW to the Public SATURDAY, April 19, at the FINE ARTS GALLERY, No. 7 Haymarket, next door to the Theatre, between the hours of Ten and Five. Admission 1s.

FRITH'S CELEBRATED DERBY DAY is now on View at the Upper Gallery, 120 Pall-Mall. Admission, One Shilling, which will also admit to the French Exhibition.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall-Mall.—The NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.—The Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish School is NOW OPEN.—Admission, One Shilling. Catalogues, Sixpence, which will also admit to view FRITH'S CELEBRATED PICTURE OF THE DERBY DAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—The South Kensington Museum will be Open Free from Monday 21st to Saturday 26th April, 1862. Hours from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall. Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—The next Subscription Concert, "Elijah," on Friday, 16th May.

The Handel Festival Ticket Office, and the Office for the Sale of the International Season Tickets, is at No. 2 Exeter Hall. Plans of the Exhibition Building, Great Orchestra erected for the opening day, Gardens, &c., are presented to each purchaser of tickets at this office. Apply early. The exchange of Vouchers for Stalls for the Handel Festival will commence on Wednesday next, 23rd April, at 10 o'clock. Half-Guinea Tickets will be ready for sale at the same time.

EVENING LECTURES at the GOVERNMENT SCHOOL of MINES, FERMYN STREET.—Dr. HOFMANN, F.R.S., will commence a Course of TEN LECTURES on the OUTLINES of CHEMISTRY, on MONDAY, the 28th APRIL, at Eight o'clock; to be continued on each succeeding WEDNESDAY and MONDAY EVENING, at the same hour. Tickets for the whole Course, 2s. may be had at the Museum of Practical Geology.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

EASTER VESTRY MEETINGS.—Parishioners, ATTEND the VESTRY MEETING on EASTER TUESDAY, in order, by the appointment of suitable Churchwardens, or a Committee for the purpose, to secure for yourselves and your children the FREE USE in COMMON of YOUR PARISH CHURCH, the true and only basis of the Parochial System.

"The APPEAL to PARISHIONERS" (in any quantity, free of charge, for distribution), and other information, may be had of the Secretaries of the "National Association for Promoting Freedom of Worship," No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, London; and 14 Ridgeland, Manchester.

THE LEICESTER COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.—Head Master, The Rev. A. HILL, M.A.

Assistant Masters, The Rev. C. D. CROSSMAN, B.A.

The Rev. THOS. WIDDOWSON, B.A.

The Rev. R. J. ALLEN, M.A., &c. &c.

While in the upper forms boys are prepared for the Universities and Professions, great care is taken to impart to all a thorough sound English Education, and much pains bestowed on little boys to teach them Arithmetic, Writing, History, and Geography, together with the elements of Classical knowledge. Terms for Boarders in the Head Master's house, 40 Guineas a year. A Prospectus and a Copy of the Reports of the Examiners may be had on application to the Head Master.

THE KING'S SCHOOL, SHERBORNE, DORSET.—The Second Master, A. M. CURTIS, Esq., late Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College, Oxford, receives a limited number of Pupils. Terms, 70 Guineas per annum, inclusive of School Fees and washing. For further information address A. M. Curtis, Esq., Westbury, Sherborne, Dorset.

CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The Rev. CHARLES FRITHARD, M.A., F.R.S., with a view to promote the more efficient conducting of this School, has associated with himself the Rev. ALFRED WRIGLEY, M.A., F.R.S., who for more than sixteen years was the first Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Classics at the Royal Military College, Addiscombe.

The CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL provides a complete preparation for the highest degrees of the Universities, for the Indian Civil Service, for Woolwich and Sandhurst, and for any of the appointments now thrown open to public competitive examination.

The SCHOOL RE-OPENED on Tuesday, January 28th.

For Prospectuses, apply to either of the Head Masters; or to Messrs. BELL & DADY, 186 Fleet Street, London.

A CLERGYMAN, in a healthy Village not far from the Coast, wishes to receive one Pupil. He would have many advantages, use of a Pony, &c. Address, Rev. M. A., care of Messrs. Dawson, 74 Cannon Street, City, London, E.C.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—The Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, late Assistant Examiner of Direct Indian Cadets, and for some years one of the Mathematical and Classical Professors in the H. E. I. C. Military College at Addiscombe, prepares Six Pupils, and will have One Vacancy in May next. Address, The Lines, Croydon, S.

EDUCATION.—REDHILL, SURREY.—Miss BISHOP RECEIVES a limited number of YOUNG LADIES in the above highly healthy locality, which is in direct railway communication with the capital, the south-coast, and the west of England. Terms, 40 guineas per annum. For references and full particulars address, Summerhill House, Redhill.

FRANCE.—PRIVATE TUITION for the Army, Oxford, Public Schools, Civil Service, &c.—A Married Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, receives FOUR PUPILS. Great Facilities for Modern Languages. Sea-side Residence. Address, Rev. M. A. Oxon, Pavillon Lefaix, Rue Sainte-Adresse, Havre, France.

ELM BANK HOUSE, KILBURN, LONDON, N.W.—COLLEGE FOR LADIES.—The Misses REYNOLDS having entered into engagements with several London Professors of the highest celebrity, and also having secured a most commodious and elegant mansion in the above unexceptionable locality, will be happy to forward detailed Prospectuses on application. References to parents of pupils, clergymen, and eminent professional gentlemen resident in London.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, and the INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms Moderate. Apply for Prospectuses, &c. to B.A., 8 Angel Terrace, Brighton, E.

FRANCE.—A Member of several foreign Universities, thoroughly acquainted with the Greek, Latin, French, English and German languages RECEIVES into his family and PREPARES for the ARMY, NAVY, CIVIL SERVICE, OXFORD, and CAMBRIDGE, young Gentlemen connected with the Nobility and the higher classes of society. Number of Pupils limited to Six. Apply, by letters prepaid, to Professor B., 14 Rue Saint Thomas, Saint Germain en Laye, near Paris, France.

THE SHIP TAYERN, GREENWICH.

THOMAS QUARTERMAINE & CO. beg respectfully to inform the Public that the White Bait season has commenced, and to solicit a continuance of their patronage. The Railway is near at hand. The Steamboats all run to the Home.

THE "KNICKERBOCKER."—In the *Cornhill Magazine* of October, 1860, this costume is described in the following terms:—"Knickers, surely the prettiest boy's dress of these hundred years." This becoming Dress was introduced by the Messrs. NICOLL, and is charged from 11s. according to size and material. H. J. & D. Nicoll, 114 to 120 Regent Street; 23 Cornhill, London; 10 St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Guarantors and others attending the Official Ceremony will be required to appear in Uniform, Official or Court Dress. Messrs. NICOLL have several elegant SUITS adapted for the above ready for inspection or sale, at moderate prices. 114, 116, 118, 120 Regent Street; 23 Cornhill; and 10 St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, 114, 116, 118, 120 REGENT ST.; 23 CORNHILL, LONDON; and 10 ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER. For Ladies, the new Spring Cloaks, &c. are now ready at the above address. NICOLL'S New Cashmere Tweeds for Cloaks and Jackets are beautifully soft, elastic, and light. NICOLL'S New Gipsy Cloak, liver use, has appeared these hundred years. It is made of eight hundred and fifty dozen, bottled by the late Mr. Fenwick, of the firm of Messrs. Ruck, Fenwick, & Ruck, known to the trade as his celebrated "Six Vintage" Wine, dry, full of "Decaying" of immense flavour, delicacy, and bouquet. Samples forwarded on payment.

Parcels, Packages, &c. to All Parts of the World by **WHEATLEY & CO'S** (late Waghorn)

Parcel Express, Passenger, and Insurance Agency. TARIFFS WITH THROUGH RATES TO FIVE HUNDRED PLACES. Apply at 23 Regent Street, S.W.; Chaplin's, Regent Circus, W.; 116 Chesapeake, E.C.; and the Chief Office, 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

GEORGE SMITH, Wine Merchant, 86 Great Tower Street, 9 and 10, Great Tower Street, and 1 St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C., and 17 and 18 Park Row, Greenwich, S.E. Established 1785. Price List on application free. A large and valuable Stock of OLD BOTTLED PORTS, of various Shippers and Vintages, accumulated during the last forty years, including a bin fourteen years in bottle of eight hundred and fifty dozen, bottled by the late Mr. Fenwick, of the firm of Messrs. Ruck, Fenwick, & Ruck, known to the trade as his celebrated "Six Vintage" Wine, dry, full of "Decaying" of immense flavour, delicacy, and bouquet. Samples forwarded on payment.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornamental ornaments, 13 1/2 to 23 1/2 lb.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to 25 1/2 lb.; steel fenders, 4 1/2 to 21 1/2 lb.; ditto, with rich ornamental ornaments, from 4 1/2 to 21 1/2 lb.; chimney-pieces, from 41 to 100 lb.; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to 21s. 6d. the set. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads from 12s. 6d. to 20 0s. each.
Shower Baths, from 8s. 0d. to 25 0s. each.
Lamps (Moderators), from 4s. 0d. to 25 0s. each.
(All other kinds at the same rate.)
Pure Colza Oil 10s. 0d. per gallon.

DISH COVERS and HOT-WATER DISHES, in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherché patterns, are on show at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. Tin Dish Covers, 7s. 6d. the set of six; black tin, 12s. 3d. to 25s. 6d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 20s. 3d. to 50s. the set; Britannia metal, with or without silver-plated handles, 41 1/2 to 42 1/2 lb. the set of five; electro-plated, 41 1/2 to 42 1/2 lb. the set of four. Black Tin Hot-Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 20s.; Britannia metal, 22s. to 77s.; electro-plated on nickel, full size, 40s.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations of his limited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room, Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms, at 28, Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, and 4, Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6, Fenny Lane; and 1, Newman Street.

"TAILORS' ASSOCIATION."—Clothes of the finest quality, best style, and most reasonable price, can be had at this Establishment. Specially made CLOTH and DOESKIN. 31 Castle Street East, Oxford Street, W. COOPER & CO.

INDIA OUTFITS.—THRESHER & GLENNY, next door to Somerset House, Strand, forward (on application) Lists of the necessary Outfits for every appointment, with Prices of each Article. N.B.—Thresher's India Gaiters, Washable, India Tweed Suits, and Kashmir Flannel Shirts, can only be procured at this Establishment.

43 OXFORD STREET, W.
OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS. Wall Lights and Mantelpiece Lustres, for Gas and Candles. Glass Dinner Services, for Twelve Persons, from 12s. Glass Dessert Services, for Twelve Persons, from 2s. Articles marked in Plain Figures.

Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents. Mess. Export, and Furnishing orders promptly executed.

LONDON.—Glass Rooms, 43 OXFORD STREET, W.
BIRMINGHAM.—MANUFACTORY and SHOW ROOMS, BROAD STREET. Established 1807.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1800.

DIRECTORS.
JAMES GORDON MURDOCH, Esq., Chairman.
HENRY DAVIDSON, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
 Thomas Geo. Barclay, Esq. George Henry Cutler, Esq. Frederick Pattison, Esq.
 James C. G. Bell, Esq. George Field, Esq. William H. Robinson, Esq.
 Charles Carr, Esq. George Hibbert, Esq. Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.
 Edward H. Chapman, Esq. Samuel Ribbert, Esq. Newman Smith, Esq.
 George Wm. Colman, Esq. Thos. Newman Hunt, Esq.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent., of the Profits are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.
BONUS.—The Decennial Additions made to Policies issued before the 4th of January, 1862, vary from 478 to 416 1/2 per cent. on the sums insured, according to their respective dates.
 The Quinquennial Additions made to Policies issued after the 4th of January, 1862, vary in like manner from 478 1/2 to 416 1/2 per cent. on the sums insured.

PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A Liberal Allowance is made on the Surrender of a Policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.
LOANS.—The Directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

Insurances without Participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates.
 Prospectuses and further information may be had at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16 Pall Mall; or at the Agents in Town and Country.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, & GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

13 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1836.—Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

BONUS MEETING, 1862.
 The Report presented at a Meeting held on the 2nd January last, for the declaration of the SEVENTH BONUS, showed,

In evidence of the progress of the Society,
 that during the quinquennial period which terminated on the 30th June, 1861,
NEW ASSURANCES for a total sum of £1,686,570 had been effected, being an increase of £82,215 on those of the previous five years; that
THE INCOME had increased from £166,800 to £193,400 per annum; that
THE ASSURANCE FUND had risen from £1,154,376 to £1,422,191; and that a
REVERSIONARY ADDITION to the Policies of £275,577 was then made, as against £282,479 at the prior division.

In illustration of the results of the Division,
 that the Reversionary addition above named averaged 48 per cent., or varied with the different ages from 53 to 80 per cent. on the Premiums paid in the five years; and that the
CASH BONUS averaged 28 per cent. on the like Premiums, being amongst the largest ever declared by any Office.

The Report explained at length the nature of the investments, and the bases of the calculations, the results of which, as above shown, are eminently favourable.

The following are among the distinctive features of the Society:

CREDIT SYSTEM.—On Policies for the whole of life, one half of the Annual Premiums during the first five years may remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the Policy, or be paid off at any time.

POLICIES FOR TERMS OF YEARS may be effected at rates peculiarly favourable to Assurers.

INVALID LIVES may be assured at Premiums proportioned to the increased risk.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.—Claims paid daily days after proof of death.

THE ACCOUNTS AND BALANCE SHEETS are at all times open to the inspection of the Assured, or of persons proposing to assure.

Tables of Rates, Forms of Proposal, the Report above mentioned, and a detailed account of the proceedings of the Bonus Meeting, can be obtained from any of the Society's Agents, or of

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, ACTUARY AND SECRETARY,
 15, JONES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

THE NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS will take place in January, 1867, and persons who effect New Policies before the end of June next, will be entitled at that Division to one year's additional share of profits over later Assurers.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED 1768.

DIRECTORS.
 The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.

William F. Pollock, Esq., V.P.
 William Dacres Adams, Esq.
 John Charles Burroughs, Esq.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish, M.P.
 Frederick Cowper, Esq.
 Phillip Hardwick, Esq.
 Richard Gosling, Esq.

Peter Martineau, Esq.
 John Aldin Moore, Esq.
 Charles Pott, Esq.
 Rev. John Russell, D.D.
 James Spicer, Esq.
 J. Charles Templer, Esq.

The Equitable is an entirely mutual office, and has now been established for a century. The reserve, at the last "rest," in December, 1859, exceeded three-fourths of a million sterling, a sum more than double the corresponding fund of any similar institution.
 The bonuses paid on claims, in the 10 years ending on the 31st December, 1859, exceeded £1,000,000, being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all these claims.

The Capital on the 31st December, 1861, consisted of—
 £2,390,000 in the 3 per Cent.
 £1,098,000 Cash on Mortgage.
 £500,000 Cash advanced on Debentures.
 £122,160 Cash advanced on security of Policies.

The Annual Income exceeds £400,000.

Policies effected in the current year 1862 will be entitled to additions on payment of the Annual Premium due in 1862; and in the order to be made for Retrospective Additions in 1869, be entitled to the benefit of such order ratably with every other Policy then existing—in respect of the Annual Premiums paid thereon in the years 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, or on seven payments; and in 1880 a further Retrospective addition will be rated on seventeen Annual Payments, and so on.

On the surrender of policies the full value is paid, without any deduction; or the Directors will advance nine-tenths of such surrender value as a temporary accommodation on the deposit of the policy.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurances; and a short account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, from the office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C. INSTITUTED 1800.

PRESIDENT—CHARLES FRANKS, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENT—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

SECRETARYS.
 Francis Henry Mitchell, Esq.
 Alfred Head, Esq.
 Robert Hanbury, Esq.
 Bonamy Dobree, Esq.

The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago, on the principle of mutual assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums after seven yearly payments have been made.

If the present rate of reduction be maintained, persons now effecting assurances will be entitled, after seven years, to a reduction of 75 per cent., whereby each £10 of annual premium will be reduced to £2 1/2.

This Society has paid in claims more than £1,220,000
 And has policies now in force amounting to 6,480,000
 Its accumulated fund exceeds 2,560,000
 And its gross income is upwards of 340,000
 Assurances may be effected up to £10,000 on the same life.

The Society has no agents and allows no commission, nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last financial year amounted to £287,340, and the new annual premiums to £10,567.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH INSURANCE COMPANY,

7 BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848. CAPITAL, £200,000 IN 12,000 SHARES OF £16.

Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

TACTORS.
 MATTHEW MARSHALL, Esq.
 KENTON S. PARKER, Esq., Q.C.
 HENRY BLAKE MATTHEWS, Esq.

At an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders, held on Tuesday the 8th instant, Two Thousand New Shares of Twenty-five Pounds each were created, on each of which £1 will be due on allotment.

The Dividends are paid in January and July.
 All applications for Shares must be made on or before the 30th instant, on which day the Share List will be finally closed, to Messrs. JOSEPH HOBSON & SONS, 15 Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, Brummers to the Company.

11th April, 1862.

GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.

Twenty-fifth Half-Yearly General Meeting. Notice is hereby given that the TWENTY-FIFTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors in this Company, will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, London, on Friday the 25th day of April instant, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, for the General Business of the Company, pursuant to the Act.

The Books for the Registration of Stock and Shares will be closed from Saturday the 11th to Friday the 25th instant inclusive, and Transfers will not be received during that period.

By Order, THOS. R. WATT, Secretary.

Company's Office:—No. 2 New Broad Street, E.C.
 London, 1st April 1862.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, for FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE at HOME and ABROAD.

Established in 1835.—Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL—£1,250,700 Sterling.

Accumulated Funds upwards of £200,000.

OFFICE IN LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

(REDUCED RATES FOR THE EAST AND WEST INDIES.)

The Directors of this Company beg to announce that they have adopted a new System of Rates for the East and West Indies, considerably lower than those now charged by this or they believe—any other Company, but differing from the old system in respect that no reduction takes place on the insured returning to Europe or proceeding to any other part of the world not chargeable with an extra premium.

According to this method, the insured, instead of being subjected to a heavy extra premium during the years of his residence in the Tropics, has the option of throwing the same over the whole currency of his Insurance, by paying a fixed rate which, it will be seen, is very little higher than the home one.

The following are Specimens of the New Rates:—

TABLE I.

EAST INDIES AND CHINA.

Annual Premium for the Insurance of £100 (payable during the entire currency of the Policy).

Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.	Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.
18	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	23	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
19	3 3 3	2 8 9	24	3 3 0	3 9 11
20	3 3 3	2 8 9	25	3 7 9	3 16 4
21	3 3 3	2 8 9	26	3 11 11	3 16 4
22	3 3 3	2 8 9	27	3 11 11	3 16 4
23	3 3 3	2 8 9	28	4 1 11	4 12 5
24	3 3 3	2 8 9	29	4 10 3	5 1 10
25	3 3 3	2 8 9	30	4 10 3	5 1 10

No extra charge for voyages.

TABLE II.

WEST INDIES, CLIMATED LIVES.

Annual Premium for the Insurance of £100 (payable during the entire currency of the Policy).

Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.	Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.
18	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	23	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
19	3 3 3	2 8 9	24	3 3 6	3 16 5
20	3 3 3	2 8 9	25	3 13 6	4 2 11
21	3 3 3	2 8 9	26	4 0 4	4 10 7
22	3 3 3	2 8 9	27	4 1 11	4 10 7
23	3 3 3	2 8 9	28	4 17 1	5 9 7
24	3 3 3	2 8 9	29	4 17 1	5 9 7
25	3 3 3	2 8 9	30	4 17 1	5 9 7

The West Indian Rates include permission to reside in any part of the world—the West Coast of Africa excepted.

No extra charge for voyages.

Prospectuses and full Tables of Rates will be furnished on application.

By order of the Board, A. P. FLETCHER, Secretary.

THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE—19 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

Capital £2,500,000.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY WY. PECK, Esq., Chairman.

HENRY TROWER, Esq., Vice-Chairman.

Jeremiah Colman, Esq.
 Charles Curlew, Esq.
 Edwin Fox, Esq.
 Nehemiah Griffiths, Esq.
 Samuel Hanson, Esq.
 Frederick William Harris, Esq.
 Smith Harrison, Esq.
 David Hart, Esq.
 Francis Hicks, Esq.

John Hodgson, Esq.
 John Humphrey, Jun., Esq.
 Moses Joshua, Esq.
 William Leake, Esq.
 Andrew Lusk, Esq.
 Alexander Sim, Esq.
 John Robert Thomson, Jun., Esq.
 John Kemp Welch, Esq.

MANAGER—Henry Thomson.
 BANKERS—The London and County Bank.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company is UNFETTERED BY ANY CONSIDERATION OF OTHER OFFICES.
 The scale of premiums adopted for MERCHANDISE and GENERAL BUSINESS is based on the PRINCIPLE OF CLASSIFICATION—the charge being in proportion to the CHARACTER of the RISK.

Proposals received for the protection of all descriptions of property.
 REALISED PROFITS on Goods may be insured by those who operate between the original sale and day of prompt.

LOSSES will be met with fairness, liberality, and despatch.
 Forms of proposal and every information will be given at the Chief Office, 19 Cornhill, London, E.C.

HENRY GHINN, Secretary.

CLIFTON COLLEGE COMPANY (Limited).—A large

College has been established at Clifton, in the immediate neighbourhood of Durham Down, for the purpose of providing for the sons of gentlemen a thoroughly good and liberal education at a moderate cost.

The College will consist of a lower and upper school, under the immediate superintendence of the Head Master. In the lower school the course of instruction will be the same for all pupils, and such as is common, at a grand elementary knowledge of Latin, Greek, English, and arithmetic. The upper school will branch into two departments, of which the classical will have special reference to the Universities, and will comprise all the subjects usually taught at a public school, including French, German, and mathematics; in the second or mathematical department, the amount of classical work will be diminished, while greater prominence will be given to mathematics, modern languages, English literature, history, and composition. Unusual facilities will be afforded, consistently with the requirements of a liberal education, for the direct preparation of candidates for the Indian Civil Service and Military Examinations without the intervention of a private tutor, or sacrificing the advantages of school discipline.

The proportion of masters to boys will be unusually large, as, independently of the Head Master and all teachers of mathematics, modern languages, natural philosophy, drawing, there will be at least one regular form master to every 25 boys, or, if the whole staff be included, one master to every 14 boys.

The general constitution and discipline of the College will be based, as nearly as possible, upon the model of the great public schools, in the full expectation of combining the many freedom and independent spirit of such institutions with the advantages of a wide and practical system of education.

The College will be opened in September next, when the Head Master will be prepared to receive boarders into his house, which is constructed on the Rugby system; with private studies and distinct sleeping rooms, and will afford accommodation of unusual excellence.

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CONTENTS:—

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- III. TURKEY—ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS.
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